THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1726

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 18, 1933

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This is a clock of singular originality and charm. Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 ins.

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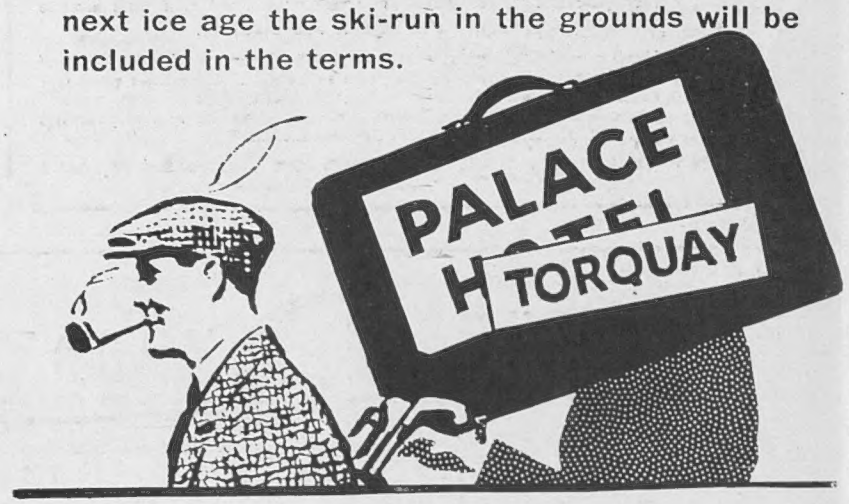
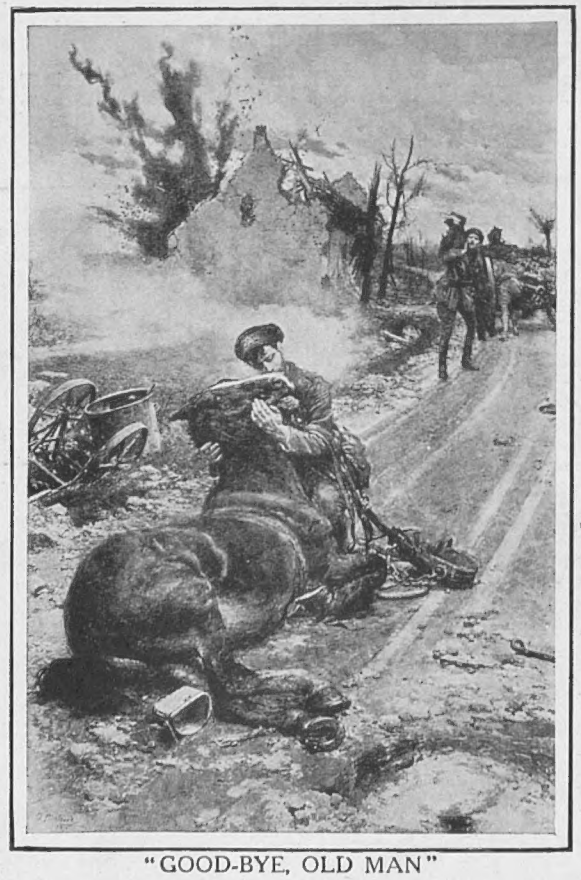
There are definite advantages, however, in staying at the Palace. For instance, you get a lot more wear from summer flannels and swimming suits. Moreover, we promise that in the next ice age the ski-run in the grounds will be included in the terms.



FORTUNINO MATANIA'S
Famous Picture
"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN"



"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN"

An incident on the road to a battery position in Southern Flanders.

By F. MATANIA, R.I., the famous artist.

In response to many requests a reprint of this striking picture has now been made in photogravure. Size of picture, 11½ ins. by 17¼ ins., on plate sunk mount 15½ ins. by 22 ins.

Copies are now to be obtained, price 5/- each.

Copies signed by the artist, price 10/6 each.

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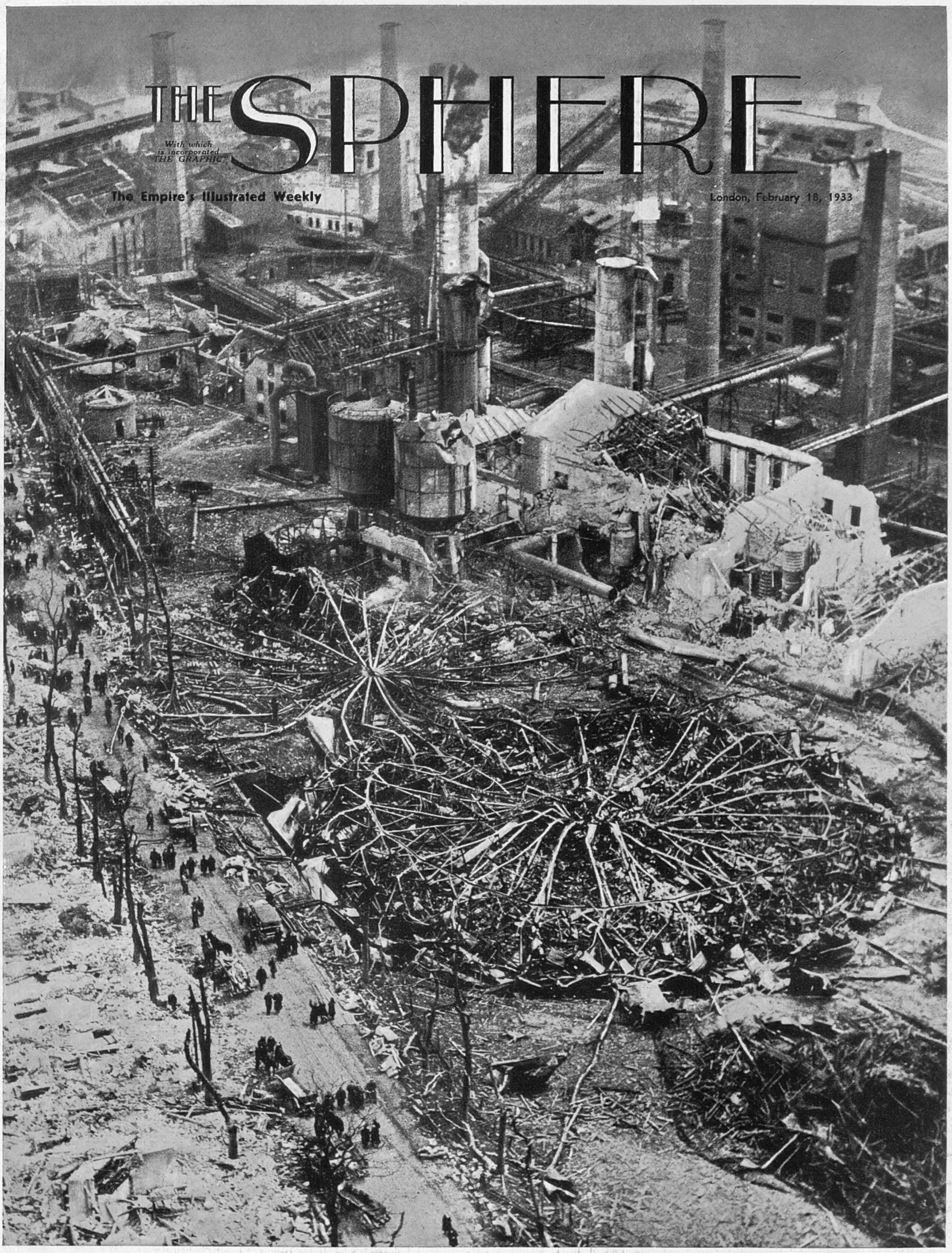
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 18, 1933



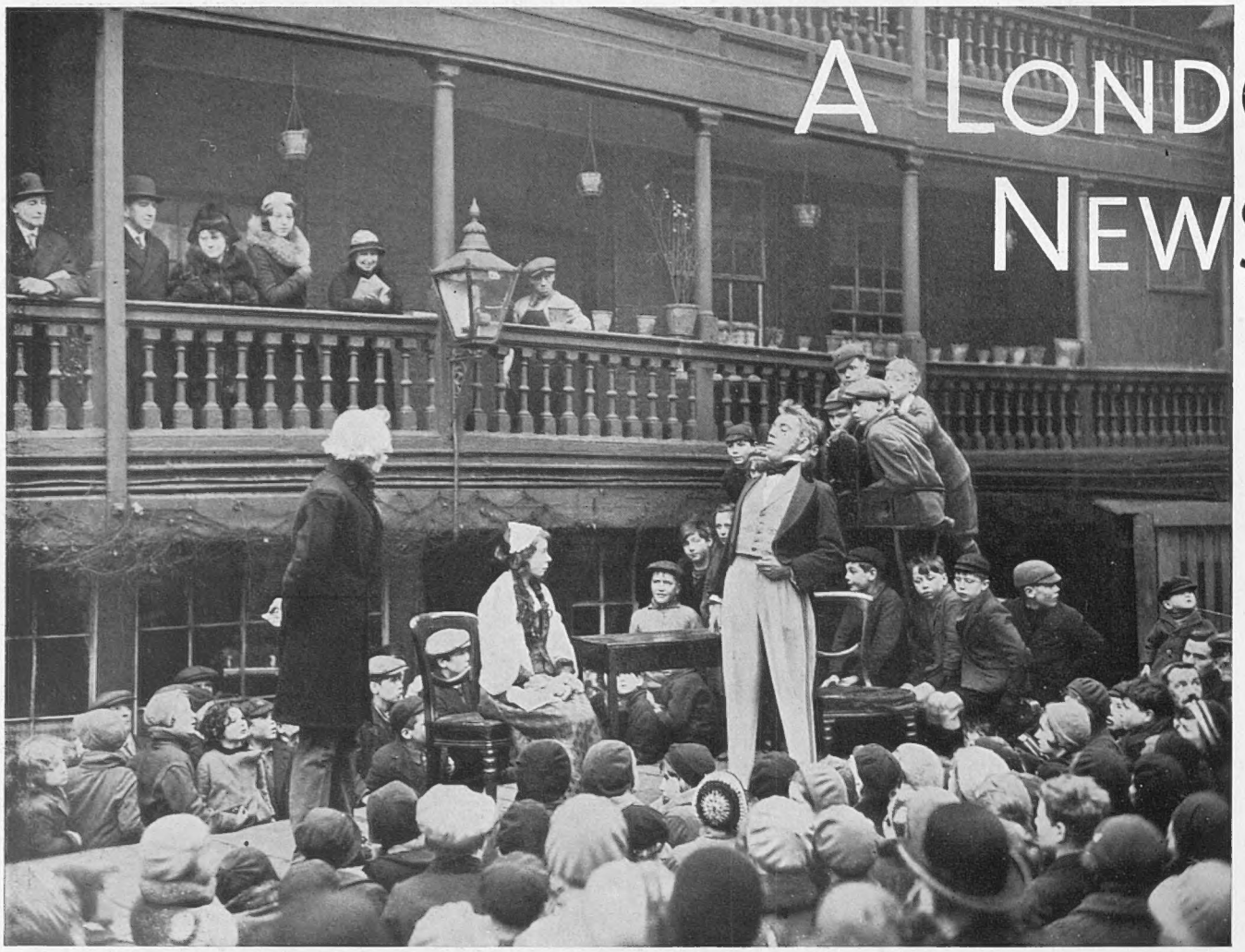
DISASTER IN THE SAAR VALLEY

The Devastation at Neunkirchen after the Explosion which Annihilated Houses and People in a Second

All Germany is mourning this week the lives of those lost in one of the most serious gas explosions which have ever been recorded. With a detonation that could be heard over ninety miles away, and which shook the whole of the industrial area known as the Saar basin, a giant gasometer blew up at Neunkirchen last week, laying a large part of the town in ruins, causing the death of over 100 persons, and injuring with various degrees of severity nearly 1,250. The massive iron cover of the 270 ft. high gas tank was hurled nearly a mile and a half over the roof tops and factory chimneys of Neunkirchen, and in its fall landed on a workman's colony, immediately reducing it to a heap of ruins. Our picture shows the scenes of desolation on the site of the gasometer after firemen had succeeded in quelling the flames that followed in the wake of the explosion, and which further added to the night of horror endured by the panic-stricken inhabitants

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER



A DICKENSIAN PLAY IN SOUTH LONDON: The Dickensian Tabard Players performed scenes from *Hard Times* in the courtyard of "The George Inn," in Borough High Street, London, on Saturday last. The immediate future of this sole survivor of London galleried inns has been secured by the L.N.E.R., who are preserving it in its ancient form

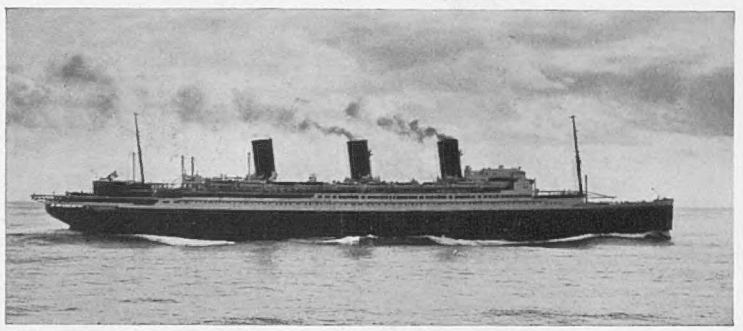
346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 15, 1933.

THE LITTLE SEASON.—

With the light once more shining in the eyes of Big Ben, February half over, and the first long influenza wave on the wane, the "little season" is launched under quite favourable conditions. For Society takes no note of the political future, though it is influenced in its fashions by the economic present. The "little season" has had a short and chequered history. In the days of privilege it did not exist. May 1 to July 31 was the cast-iron season for continuous entertainment in London and only political hostesses entertained in the early spring. Everybody hunted in February; the men, other than politicians, were not to be attracted to London before May, and the débutante must wait in patience until summer. Then the rule was relaxed, but the nation being still conventionally religious, a "little season" was evolved to end definitely with Lent. When hunting became a rich man's luxury and religion declined, the "little season" grew and the entertaining season in London enlarged and de-concentrated to cover February to the end of July with holiday breaks. And so waxing and waning in importance, the "little season" has maintained its individuality. Since the economic crisis it has, moreover, gained a reputation for good sense and proportion which the summer season never achieved.

"THE CHAMPAGNE STANDARD."—

The "little season" gave a welcome opportunity to the less wealthy hostess to entertain for her daughter economically. Some pioneer, greatly daring, ventured to put to the test the untried question of the necessity for suppers of ortolans and champagne. For a century and a half, in the belief that the success of a dance was measured by the amount of money squandered, a hideous minimum expenditure was fixed by fashion and excluded from entertaining scores of would-be dance-givers. Then the pioneer stepped in and, reckless of convention, invited her friends to dance at her house for the mere love of dancing; she banked on her own genius, the charm of the young women, and the good spirits and good sense of the young men. She gave beer, sandwiches, and sausages in place of ortolans, pêche Melba, and champagne, and her dance went with a bang. Then Society woke to the discovery that for a hundred years quite needlessly 50 per cent. of the ortolans, slightly picked over, had gone to the pig-tub, and 60 per cent. of the champagne had been poured down the throats of hired waiters as a sacrifice to Fashion. Good sense and good taste had a chance at last to triumph. But the launching of daughters is an internecine warfare, and the rich were not prepared lightly to lose the powerful weapon of money. There is always the element of wealthy women in Society for whom the best of everything is not good enough, and for the past few years the standard of entertaining has annually been forced up again month by month till in July the pre-War scale is once again reached, and the hired waiter once more bathes in wasted foreign wines. What fools these mortals be! Fools, to be led by tasteless and rich vulgarians, fools not to trust their own instincts and faith in the sense and decency of the young of both sexes, fools to seek to buy with money what can be triumphantly secured by taste, tact, and social gifts. How the foreigners crack their ribs over us! A dance in February can be a roaring success for an outlay of £40, given the house. In July the tyranny of the vulgarians forces the cost up to £300, and half the extra cost is food, drink, and money thrown away on foreigners. But in February taste and good sense still have a chance, and therefore I take off my hat to the "little season."



THE LUXURIOUS LINER *Ile de France*, flagship of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique

APOLOGY — The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique of Paris, the well-known French shipping Company, whose fleet is generally known as the French Line, has called our attention to certain statements contained in an article by Ferdinand Tuohy published in our issue of January 28, 1933, under the heading, "Flaming Mystery at Sea," referring to its liners *Ile de France*, *France* and *Paris* to the effect that fires had occurred in those vessels.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique in Paris informs us that since its formation in 1861, it has never lost a liner through fire, nor has there been any loss of life in any of its vessels caused by fire, and that there has never been a fire of any sort, serious or otherwise, in the *Ile de France*. The Company states that there was once a very minor outbreak of fire in the *France*, which caused damage by fire, water, and smoke, amounting to about £140, and some few years ago a fire occurred in the *Paris*, whilst without a crew and in charge of night watchmen, but this is the only fire of such a nature that has ever occurred in any liner of the company, although its fleet generally consists of over 100 vessels.

The statements contained in our article with regard to the *Ile de France* were inadvertently published without any foundation and we take this opportunity of correcting them and of expressing our regret to the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique of Paris for any misapprehension which may have occurred as the result of the article.

THE FIRST FENCES.—

Parliament is well down in the saddle and has negotiated some minor fences. The Government has given a serious if non-committal undertaking in regard to the storm of protest that has raged round Carlton House Terrace. [How like Englishmen to swallow a dozen camels and then to strain at a gnat.] The Government has also promised that in satisfying its *auri sacra fames* in Kenya it will earmark some of the crumbs that fall for the natives pushed under the table. The Cabinet has been engaged on the Debt question and unlocked the secrets carried in the strong room of Sir R. Lindsay's heart. It has also found time to review the question of unemployment insurance which will be the subject for a Labour Vote of Censure, and has made a further pronouncement on its housing policy. Meanwhile the strike of railwaymen in Ulster drags on in bitterness, and at one time seemed likely, with the encouragement of the N.U.R., to extend its scope to this side of the Channel; while down south in the Green Republic the new Executive Council under Mr. de Valera has got down to work. It is substantially the same as the last. The Salter Report is not yet out of its pigeon-hole, though the compartment has been identified. Meanwhile, L.M.S. stocks have lost their Trustee status. The Argentine delegates have received all the deference and attentions which the object of their visit and the history of our trade relations with their country deserve.

APPEAL OF THE THEATRE.—

For a long time I have played a small part in urging the importance to British Drama of reducing the price of theatre tickets. Admittedly (like taking something off income-tax) this is a gesture of courage and faith in the present economic plight of theatreland. But the *status quo* has long been a vicious circle and at last a serious effort is to be made to end it. The Duchess and the Lyric now offer some of the best seats in their houses for 6s., and the Garrick has a cheap day, a 50 per cent. cut on Mondays. It is now up to the public to respond and to prove, what we have consistently urged, that drama is in the nation's blood and that nothing yet perfected by science has weakened the appeal of the flesh and blood actor.

NINETEENTH CENTURY BEAUTIES.—

The exhibition of nineteenth century beauties at Knoedler's is sure of success in a good cause. The idea, I believe, came to Mrs. Harrison Hughes, and of the many brain-waves for charming the money from our pockets for noble causes it is among the brightest. We are always interested in types of beauty and fashions in dress, and we are just now deeply interested in the nineteenth century. And indeed it is an omnibus of a century, linking Emma Hamilton to the bright particular beauties of our own hot youth, the mail coach to the air mail, semaphore to wireless, the panorama to the talkie, world war to world war and aftermath to aftermath. Of that part of the Victorian age in which our roots are fixed, no gallery of beauty can be complete without Elizabeth of Austria, Queen Alexandra, Lady Dudley, the Duchess of Leinster, Empress Eugénie, Duchess of Sutherland, and Mrs. Langtry. But some of us who visit the exhibition will have lively memories of

beauty as rare which, in an age when women of quality still shunned publicity, blushed unseen and is now forgotten.

HANDS OFF THE B.B.C.—

There is no harm in an official Committee of Enquiry composed of bright young M.P.s, but we simply cannot allow Parliamentary interference with the B.B.C. It happens to be the sole daughter of our house and heart (by Science—Good Luck (or Good Management)) not yet spoiled or ruined by Parliamentary interference or commercial greed. It carries on with a fair measure of courage and with decent ideals, a sense of justice, a real desire to seek the truth impartially and reach to better things. It can't please everybody, for it must cater for 14,000,000 tastes daily. It is often twaddly, often boring; it repeats itself *ad nauseam*; it is too serious or too frivolous. Of course, that is inevitable. But among public institutions it stands to-day unique in that the public does not suspect it of ulterior motives, and not only trusts it, but depends on it to an ever-increasing degree. It is always seeking to improve itself, and it does so not solely with the object of increasing its revenue. In that it is almost unique. We can all suggest to it lines of further improvement. I would have it braver yet, more and more open to ventilate (of course impartially) new ideas or old ideas in new dress. I personally detest radio drama and shudder at Variety. . . . It's a matter of opinion. But there are no two opinions about the wisdom of leaving it alone at present and not endeavouring to tamper with the management which has kept this new toy from corruption and vulgarity far longer than one dreamed possible, when one remembers with what haphazard nonchalance it came into being.

TOO COMPLICATED. —

I made a comment last week concerning vexatious rather than profitable taxes, and return to the charge. The truth is, life is become altogether too complicated for the ordinary man, and its complications are killing initiative and endeavour. I advert particularly to the complicity of official forms which hedge about the most ordinary enterprises. Without the aid of skilled advisers, the very allotment holder in his ordinary avocations can nowadays hardly hope to keep within the law, and a single morning spent on the Bench in any country district is a startling lesson in the condition of England in this respect. Indeed, magistrates have every reason to temper justice with mercy. One knows that the mass of regulations is largely necessary, but knows too that every effort should be made perpetually to reduce the complications if the national spirit of enterprise is to survive. In a single morning on the Bench the magistrates may find themselves called on to punish—

(a) A cottager who decided to keep a pig, not knowing that its daily life must be chronicled in a special diary.

[N.B.—The printed dossier of official forms connected with pig keeping would take a trained mind a week to master.]

(b) A farmer, who kept his boar-register in other than the appropriate form book.

(c) The driver of a tractor, whose insurance policy covered only one trailer, detected pulling two trailers.

[N.B.—To pull three would open a new charge.]

(d) An old lady who stirred her tea with an inherited spoon bearing someone's crest, not having a licence.

(e) A milk-roundsman whose licences and insurance were in perfect order but he had neglected to put his signature below his name.

(f) A man who had driven home two miles after losing his glass-reflector in a collision.

(g) A tradesman driving a van with a back tyre insufficiently new.

But instances of our fettered state could be multiplied. . . . Ignorance of the law does not excuse, but knowledge of the law is impossible.

DR. SAYCE.

—I recollect a delightful anecdote of the late Dr. A. H. Sayce, the antiquarian, a Fellow of Queen's (Oxford) since '69. He was buried last week at Bath. He was once inspecting a temple near Assouan recently discovered in the course of digging for some new public works, and his eye made out a mural drawing representing a Roman soldier, with an inscription indicating that the original of the portrait was a native of Britain and a cavalryman. The same year he was paying an annual visit to the owners of Chesters on the Roman Wall and asked them if any new discoveries had been made. They took him to see a new mural drawing lately discovered in a little shrine. It represented a Roman soldier, and there was an inscription which showed that this was an Egyptian serving in a Roman Legion doing its turn of duty on the Wall. These are the touches which wake history to life and make the Roman Empire something more than a legend.

A PREMIUM ON FOLLY.

—At a moment when the motorist was beginning to hope for a reduction in motor insurance rates, an expert authority in the car insurance world issued a warning in the contrary sense. Viewing the intolerable fetters and complications which to-day hinder men of common sense and prudence in their daily life, one sees how at every turn the sane and decent citizen is penalized by the follies of the fools. The cohort of folly is large, but it only represents a small part of the adult population, but that part leavens or rather weighs down the whole lump. Half the forms and restrictions that drive the farmer mad are imposed to counteract the recklessness of a percentage of selfish idiots. And so with motoring. The careful driver is penalized and his very life is menaced by the percentage of road hogs. It is monstrous that the careful motorist who bears a licence unstained for fifteen years and has renewed a policy on which he has never claimed for a decade should be forced to pay a higher premium because his insurance company is losing money on his weaker brethren. The time has come when drivers must be officially graded for the purpose of insurance, and the grading of a motorist is perfectly easy. His record is set out in full in the company's books, on his policy, and on his licence.

CAGED BIRDS.—

The multiplicity of Lord Buckmaster's Bills in the service of humanity unjustly labels him a sentimentalist, whereas his vision, soundness, and far-sightedness should be stressed. As a humanitarian, he is perhaps in advance of his time, but that redounds not to his discredit but to civilization's. A day will come when civilization (relieved, if ever it is, of its present gnawing anxieties) will blush to remember how callously it suffered the brutalities of the dark ages to continue into the middle of the twentieth century. It will add the toll of the roads to the death roll of the Great War, and bear with shame and horror this double burden of blood-guiltiness, seeking in vain to account for the fact that it dipped its bloodstained hands still deeper in innocent blood, apparently callously and indifferently. I do not know what it will say or how it will act in regard to blood sports, but I am perfectly sure it will endorse in retrospect Lord Buckmaster's effort to end at long last the senseless brutality that suffers the caging of wild birds. For this is an unbelievable anomaly in our age. It is the stupid cruelty of an undeveloped schoolboy; it is pandering to the sadism, masquerading under the name of sentiment, which belongs to the semi-civilized, the lowest elements in creation. If Lord Buckmaster's latest Bill should run the gamut and reach the Statute Book (God knows what chance it may have), it will release from a living death sixty-one varieties of wild birds which, beyond any other factor, contribute to the joy of country life, for which boon man repays them thus scurvily. The blackbirds, the finches, the larks, the nightingales will be released from gaol and from the shadow of living death. A nightingale in a cage, a lark in a cage! It is the measure of our advance to date in logic, in reason, in culture. We can do so little since the War to loosen the fetters which bind human beings. Let us at least free some little birds and achieve something definitely civilized.

"It would ring the bells of Heaven
The loudest peal for years."

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

—It was my good fortune to meet Sir William Robertson twice a year during the past few years, when we were fellow guests at covert shoots. He took up shooting late in life and gave to improving himself as a shot all the energy and determination which he devoted to more serious pursuits. Five years ago he was as bad a shot as you could see. This winter he showed the most extraordinary progress and would have passed muster in any average company on the form he showed when we last met. He was as keen as mustard and was for ever putting into practice the precepts of his coach and loader. Walking with him between stands was a great pleasure. His shrewdness and terse comments and pawky humour were stimulating. I am not fond of "good stories," but he always told me at least one that was not only new but really funny, while his comments on the times and the future were always interesting. The last things I remember his saying to me were: That he has spent over fifty years of his life preparing for or prosecuting what long since he had come to regard as the most disastrous item in the catalogue of human folly and crime; "and what do you think of the mental state of a man who confesses to that?" And again: "There is no cure for our present economic plight unless science can make possible large scale emigration," and then he added: "but it must be emigration beyond the earth, of course." I have merely given the sense of what he said, and, of course, he spoke without seriousness. When the last War novel is published and forgotten (and it is hard to believe that a better one can succeed to *A Passionate Prodigality*) we shall look round for new proofs of the awfulness of war. We shall find none more unanswerable than the untimely death of the bulk of those War leaders who bore the heaviest share of responsibility.

THE OLD STAGER.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES: Young Roman Catholic children seen in Westminster Cathedral during the service on February 10 in celebration of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Celebrations were held throughout the Roman Catholic churches of London

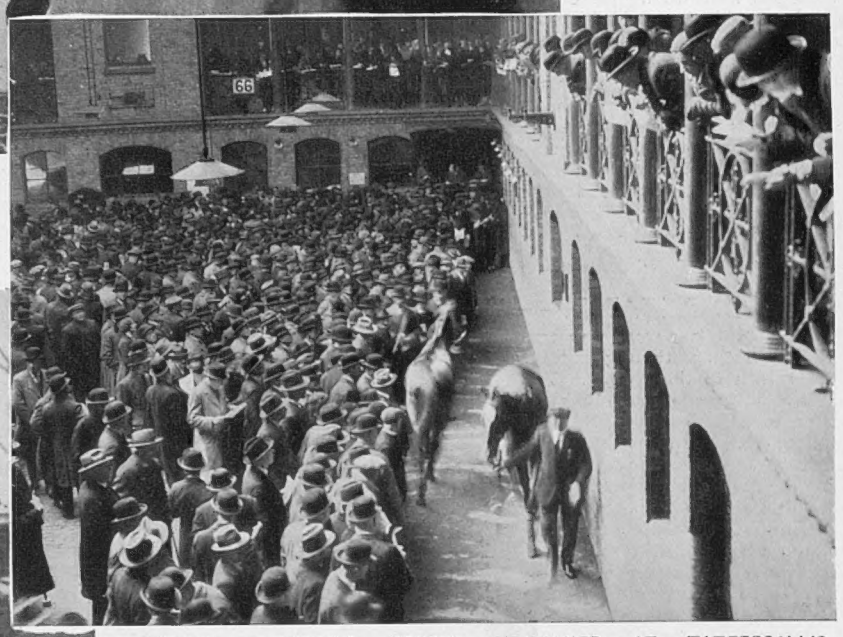
"THE VANISHED POMPS OF YESTERDAY": Mannequins dressed in the fashions of the nineteenth century, who exhibited a magnificent collection of crinolines and ball gowns, at a lecture on nineteenth century women's dress given by Dr. Willet-Cunnington at the Victoria and Albert Museum last week

CONTEMPLATING THE VICTORIAN ERA: Countess Howe and her daughter, Lady Georgiana Curzon, at the private view of the nineteenth century loan exhibition of Beautiful Women of the Victorian Era, now being held at Knoedler's Gallery, Old Bond Street, in aid of the War Service Legion

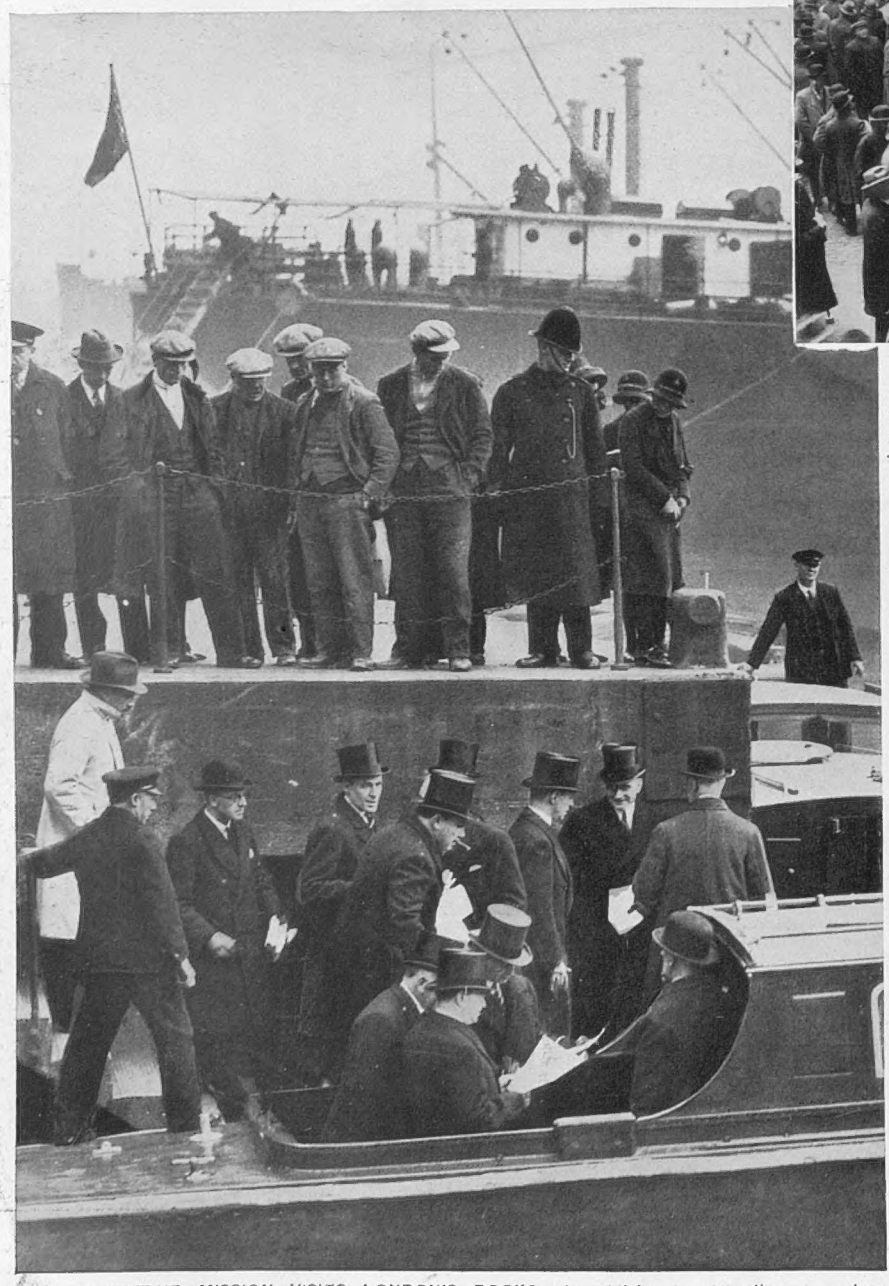
JAPAN SPEAKS

and OTHER NEWS of the WEEK

THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS: Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, the Japanese delegate to the League of Nations, has been very much the man of the moment at Geneva, where he has stood alone as the representative of his nation's case



CAPTAIN SASSOON'S HORSES AUCTIONED AT TATTERSALL'S: Prominent owners and trainers were among the record attendance at Tattersall's sales on Monday, when the late Captain R. E. Sassoon's horses were put up for auction. The sale realized over 10,000 guineas. Alpine Hut, a Grand National candidate, is being led away



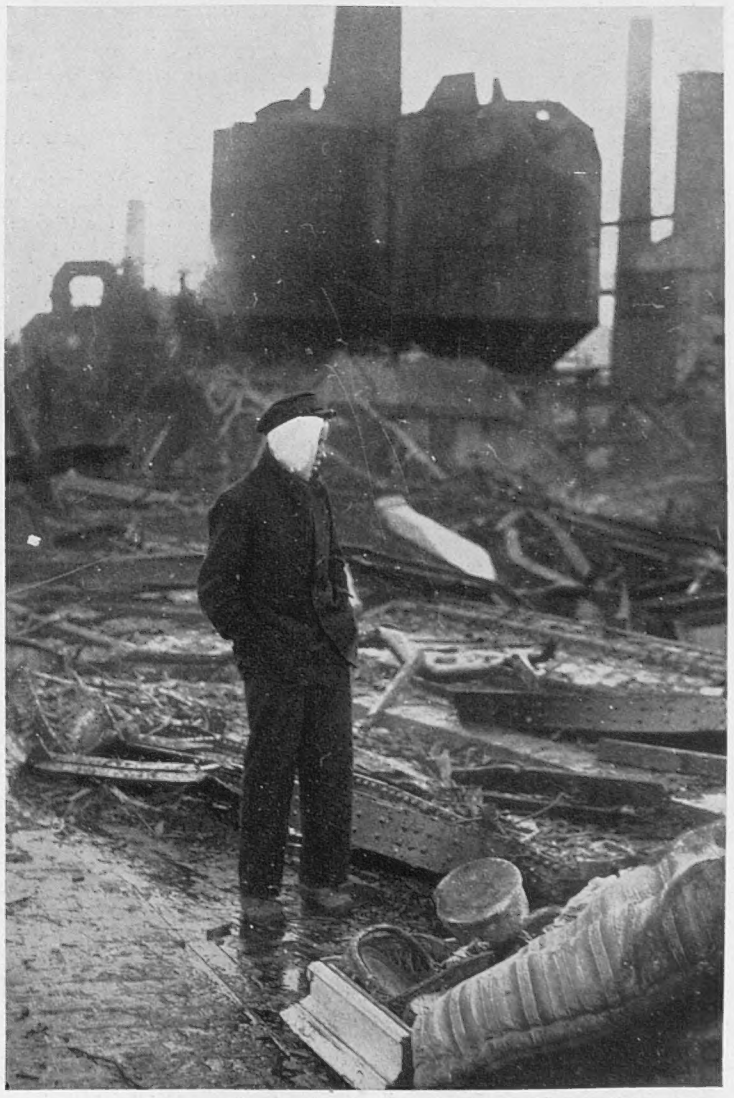
THE ARGENTINE MISSION VISITS LONDON'S DOCKS: In addition to attending a number of functions held in their honour, members of the Argentine Mission and their leader, Dr. Julio Roca, have been devoting as much of their spare time as possible to investigating the military and industrial life of the country. The Mission is here seen at the Royal Victoria Docks, where an intensive inspection was made of the dock's up-to-date facilities. Last week the Mission paid a visit to Aldershot

ROYALTY TRAVELS BY UNDERGROUND: The Prince of Wales made a trip this week as an ordinary passenger on the Underground, as he was desirous of seeing and inspecting the system at work under normal conditions. He is seen here with Lord Ashfield, chairman of the Underground Railway Company, discussing several points which had arisen during the tour of inspection

AFTERMATH AT NEUNKIRCHEN

THE AREA OF DEMOLITION: The devastated area in Neunkirchen after the gas explosion at the ironworks. Near the works can be seen all that remains of twenty-eight workmen's cottages. This area of complete demolition was immediately in front of the gasometer. In the foreground the houses are partially damaged. Debris strews the fields in the background

WAITING FOR HIS MASTER: A pathetic scene outside a wrecked house in stricken Neunkirchen, as a dog lying on watch near the furniture waits for the return of his master and other members of the household who were killed in the explosion. An army of doctors, firemen, and police has been engaged throughout the week in searching for further victims of the explosion

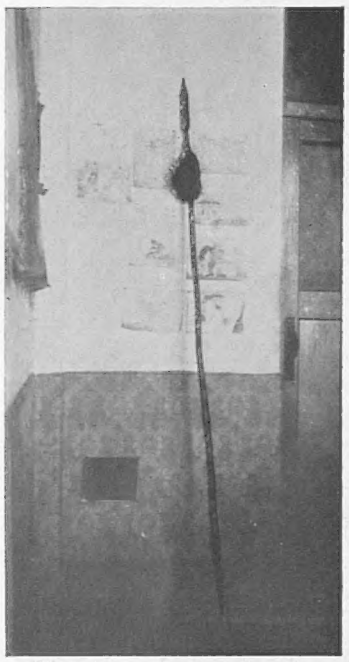


SURVEYING THE WRECKAGE: "This is what it was like in Flanders" was the remark of one ex-soldier after the gas explosion at Neunkirchen. Our picture shows an injured inhabitant of the town surveying the wreckage of what was once his home. Note the bedding and household goods strewn in the foreground

A NEW STATE

THE KEY TO MANCHUKUO: In a desolate country of long distances the railroad plays an infinitely more important part in the life of the nation than in comparatively settled areas. It is the one connecting link with civilization and the one means of penetration into the interior. Japan found in the Mukden-Harbin railroad the key to Manchukuo and a means of dominating the new State. Our illustration shows a Japanese armoured train patrolling the plains of Manchuria.

Although my association with Japan is not of many months' standing I have been long connected with the East and know its people intimately. The Levant, India, the Dutch Indies, China, have been my homes for varying periods; among the peoples of the East I have many friends; in fact I can say without exaggerating that I have spent more than a quarter of my life in various parts of the Orient and, while not claiming to understand the actual workings of the Eastern mind, I have always tried to look at things from a non-Western point of view and write my impressions in the same spirit. This has not always been too easy, as until I came to Japan I found that in many of the countries which I visited the European, though outwardly accepted as a friend, was suspected of ulterior motives.



PRIMITIVE WARFARE: A spear captured from bandits during recent fighting in Mukden. Many of the brigands are armed in most primitive fashion. Immediately below the spear-head is a bunch of red hair

In Japan, however, I had the agreeable surprise of realizing that not only was the friendly attitude outwardly apparent, but that there was a genuine desire to establish relations not based entirely on formal intercourse—an obvious wish to help the foreigner and to make him feel at home.

Travelling in a foreign country, where not only the language but the writing is utterly strange to one's own, is not always easy; ignorance of customs and regulations may lead the unwary stranger into difficulties; and in a new State such as Manchukuo other complications might make a journey more of an adventure than a pleasure trip. However, any apprehensions which I might have entertained as to difficulties attendant on a journey to Manchuria were dispelled the moment that I mentioned in Japan that I wished to visit the new State. Introductions, maps, and pamphlets were issued to me by various Government officials, and from the minute I set foot in the train at Tokio my progress through Japan, Korea, and Manchuria was facilitated beyond expectation.

There seemed to be a genuine desire that I should see for myself what was being done to make order out of chaos.

Nevertheless, I did not set out primed with Japanese propaganda or biased in any way; on the contrary, I went with my mind alert, remembering that a man had once told me that the Japanese did not always speak the truth, though as a matter of fact I have never actually met a functionary in Japan or Manchukuo who told me a deliberate falsehood. Some of my questions were not answered or diplomatically turned aside, but what was to my knowledge an official lie I never heard.

Moreover, everything I was told I confirmed with my own eyes as well as by conversation with foreigners, official and commercial, who knew Manchukuo intimately, and came to the definite conclusion that what the educated Japanese said was a fair statement of the case.

The big cities of Japan are fine specimens of modern architecture, the villages are prints from old picture books, the countryside is an unending delight to the eye; with the exception of some of the larger commercial towns I have never seen anything which was not beautiful in the islands of Nippon. The result of this is therefore to spoil one's æsthetic sense for what one is to see on the other side of the Sea of Japan. Korea is not so ugly. It is hilly, there are rivers, the villages are gay, the inhabitants in their absurd little tall hats, suggestive of clowns at an old-fashioned circus, are picturesque; but the moment the frontier is crossed and the Yalu River left behind one finds himself in the midst of the most uninviting scenery. Grim, rocky hills, barren and menacing, with sullen villages peopled by sinister-looking men and women, give way to huge plains, fertile but dreary. The thought of being left alone in the midst of these vast expanses is frightening.

The train rushes smoothly along, well heated and punctual to the minute (exasperatingly punctual, for though I have tried to "catch out" a Japanese train being late, so far I have not succeeded; the journey from Fusan to Mukden takes twenty-eight hours, and we arrived at our destination to the minute), but when one steps out on to a wayside platform to stretch one's legs that terrific cold, unknown in Europe, smites one in the face, and one looks apprehensively at the people who have come out of their villages to stare at the passengers. As a matter of fact, from a journalist's point of view a little mild banditry would have interested me, but there was not a sign of anything but absolute peace. True that the stations were protected by barbed wire and sandbag breast-works with a few armed sentries on duty, but otherwise there was nothing to indicate any state of lawlessness. I discovered later that a big bandit drive had just been completed in the neighbourhood, and a new area not far distant was to be dealt with shortly. These drives I further discovered, while not immediately eliminating the bandit menace, prevented any big concentrations and were a warning to those who thought of turning bandit, and also made the villagers hesitate before they offered protection to notorious bandit chiefs. These brigands have, of course, a tremendous advantage over the Japanese troops in that they can disperse quickly and become outwardly peaceful citizens while the soldiers are about, and an army of much greater strength than is at present in Manchukuo will be required to deal with the situation efficaciously.

Furthermore, as long as Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang is not officially discouraged from stirring up strife this state of anarchy will be difficult to deal with; in other words, as long as the League of Nations continues to refuse its recognition of Manchukuo as an independent State, those in China who have much to lose by the establishment of order in Manchuria will continue to impede any organized government.

The accusations of Japanese wholesale massacres, of which I had heard, were generally discredited by foreigners who knew anything about the situation. Innocent people obviously are killed, but that is inevitable when the bandits are, as pointed out before, undistinguishable from the civilian population and utilize peaceful villages as their headquarters.

However, bandits in any outward or visible form I saw none, and Charles Corkran (Mrs. Pawley's companion in capture), whom I met in Mukden, told me that in spite of his captor's fearsome reputation he had been treated with consideration and given food when the bandits had none.

He was refreshingly British over his experiences, refusing to go into any details and deploring the publicity made over the incident, having refused a good offer to give a series of lectures on his experiences in a bandit camp.

THE HOME OF MANCHURIA'S EX-RULER: This deserted villa, once the residence of Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, the young governor who held sway over Manchuria, presented a strange appearance of dilapidation when visited by Mr. Bodley. No sounds of revelry came from its silent rooms. It has always been a place of mystery, its walls, while the Marshal occupied the villa, being carefully guarded with live electric wires and its gates heavily bolted against intruders

Here and there in Mukden are fine buildings, which remind one slightly of Tokio or Yokohama, but the general effect is dreary long boulevards crossed and recrossed by little streets.

The country around is flat and colourless, and though the iron grip of the Manchurian winter adds to the desolation of the picture I cannot imagine Mukden as ever being attractive. The Chinese city is alive with people, but they do not look busy, and many shops are closed or boarded up. Business is not thriving.

I discussed the situation with commercial men of various nationalities and I heard contrary opinions from each one, until I finally came to the conclusion that the present state and future of Manchukuo in any individual's mind depended chiefly on how his particular business was faring. For instance, members of firms which used to supply the arsenal of the young Marshal could say nothing too bad for Manchukuo and the consequences brought about by the proclamation of its independence. Others whose sales did not depend on such questions admitted that business was poor but probably no worse than anywhere else, and added that once matters were settled everything would probably improve, as for the first time there was a stable currency and a sensation that laws would be made and enforced. Banditry had been going on in the vicinity up to fairly recently, but gradually a feeling of greater security was developing as the troops, at first rather taken aback at receiving regular pay and proper uniforms, began to understand that military service was a profession not merely dependent on the whim of local war lords.

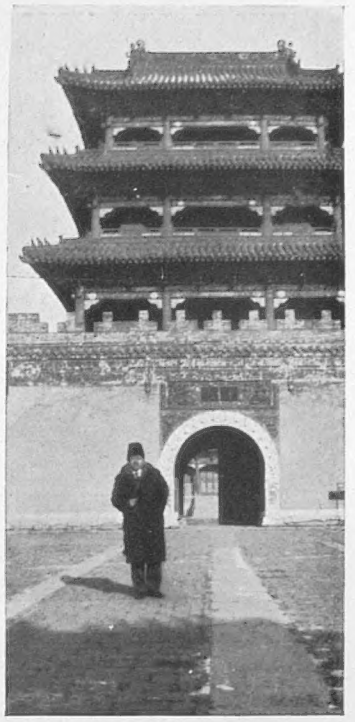
During my wanderings in the interior of North China I had frequently come in contact with the ragged bands of the so-called Chinese army, ill-disciplined, unscrupulous bodies of men who lived on the people or, if the fancy took them, looted a town or district. They had no respect for anyone, for how could they when they had no respect for themselves? Now, in Mukden, I saw these same soldiers properly dressed in warm clothing, well fed and regularly paid, walking about conscious that they could command respect, not because they were armed, but owing to their positions as defenders of their country. I always think that it is a pity that the League Commission did not come incognito on their journey of investigation and take a walking tour in Japan and in China. I have done both and do not wish to repeat the second experience.

I regret to say that this praise cannot be made on behalf of the Manchukuo police, who are reputed to have become quite useless since the declaration of

IN THE MAKING

By R. V. C. Bodley

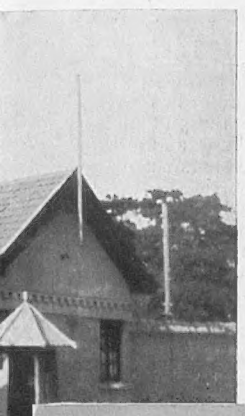
In this, the First of a Series of Articles, Mr. R. V. C. Bodley, our Special Commissioner in the Far East, describes his Impressions of a Journey from Japan to Manchukuo, which Last Week's Decision of the League of Nations has Brought Vividly into the Forefront of International Politics



BRAVING THE BANDITS: Mr. Hongo, editor of the *Tokio Asahi*, who braved the bandit peril and accompanied Mr. Bodley to the Pei Ling Mausoleum, outside Mukden, to visit the tomb of the first Emperor of the Ching dynasty

independence. At the smallest alarm they run away or watch indifferently while foreigners are attacked. There is, moreover, no redress, as if those victimized appeal to the Japanese they are told that it is a matter for Manchukuo to deal with, and as Manchukuo has not been recognized as a government or a state the foreign consular representatives have no one to whom they can complain.

Having found out all that I could from the Japanese and foreign community in Mukden, I decided to hear what the Chinese had to say, and through the courtesy of a friend was able to interview the Mayor of Mukden, a man with a worried expression and intelligent eyes. He received me in a very un-Chinese room packed to its limit of capacity with deep armchairs suggestive of a smoking-room in a London club. Mr. Yen wore European clothes but could himself speak no English, whereas his secretary, Mr. Kimpson Yu, dressed in a Chinese gown, spoke fluently and readily about the plans to make of Mukden the great commercial city of Manchukuo. "A second Shanghai" he proudly announced, which seemed to me to be a worthy though rather ambitious aspiration. However, I was shown concrete plans for the creation of a greater Mukden, fifteen miles long by eight broad, with schemes for boulevards, tramways,



JAPAN'S CIVILIZING INFLUENCE: Since the reorganization of Manchukuo as an independent State, excellent passenger services have been inaugurated in different parts of the country, Japan believing that a speeding up in national communications will be an important factor in welding the country into a corporate whole

waterworks, sewers, and electric light plants. New schools are to be set up where everything including English, Russian, and Japanese will be taught, on a better system I hope than in Japan, where the teaching of foreign languages, though no doubt excellent in theory, is almost negative in results.

The greater Mukden scheme is to cover a period of ten years, but is at present handicapped by lack of funds, for the new Government cannot begin taxing again as did the young Marshal who bled the country white to suit his own ends and left the people destitute, while his bandits made it impossible to reap crops last autumn, so that food shortage in the near future is probable.

As I left the Mayor's office I suddenly became aware of a pair of very sharp eyes which scrutinized me, and looking more closely at the gowned gentleman realized that he was a Japanese in Chinese clothes.

Rather tired of investigation I decided to go out and do a little sightseeing. Motoring outside the precincts of the town was reputed to be unsafe, but I wanted to see the tomb of one of the earliest Manchu Emperors, so I disregarded warnings and, accompanied by the local editor of the *Tokyo Asahi*, drove out to Pei Ling. It was one of those sharp dry mornings with the thermometer degrees below zero, but a bright sun which caused one to blink at the reverberating glare of the snow. There was no wind and an atmosphere of peace pervaded the country, suggestive of Christmas in England. The only evidence of unrest was the barbed wire *chevaux de frise* which one saw everywhere lying ready to be thrown across the road, and Japanese troops occupying the buildings of a local university.

The tombs of the early Manchu Emperors, that is to say, prior to the establishment of the Ching dynasty on the throne in Peking, are not nearly as fine as those in China. There are the golden tiles, and the courtyards, and the marble animals guarding the main avenue, but, though much better kept up than the mausoleum of Malanyu, there is none of that impressive magnificence, that gorgeous conceit which made the later monarchs have themselves buried in veritable palaces which could only be rivalled by the Forbidden City itself. Three hundred years since the Chings started on their career of conquest which was to give them power over the whole of China, and I could not help wondering whether the Chief Executive of Manchukuo, descendant of the man before whose grave I stood, was destined to revive again the dead line and retrieve for China some of its past glory. It cannot be said that democracy has been a success in the Far East or, for that matter, that it has done much to improve the status of people in Europe, and no one can deny that China was better off under the rule of the Emperors than under the numerous Governments which now vie with each other for power.

Outside the avenue which leads up to the Pei Ling Mausoleum stands a lodge gate, suggestive almost of the entrance to some country house in England. The garden or park is surrounded by a fence which on closer inspection reveals itself to be composed of strands of live electric wires; iron gates, heavily bolted, protect a sandy drive from intruders. There was something derelict and mysterious about the place which intrigued me, so I asked my companion to whom it belonged.

"Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang's country residence."

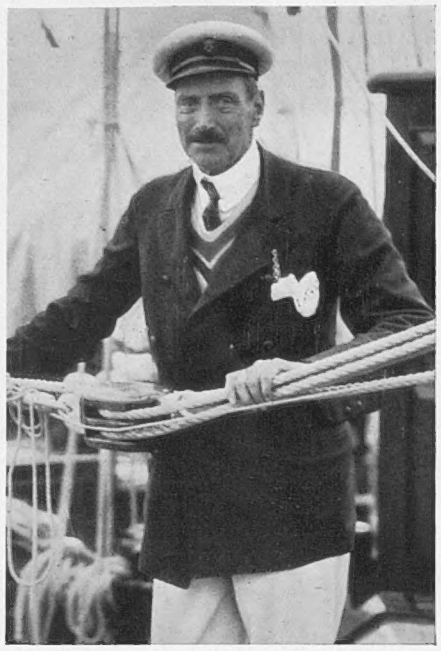
I was at once eager to go in and see this villa of which I had heard so much concerning the gay life led there when the young Marshal still held sway

(Continued on page 242)

JAPAN MAKES HER MARK: The central circle of the Japanese railway city of Mukden lying between the South Manchuria Railway and the Chinese quarter. Wherever her people have settled, Japan has brought in their train the civilizing influences of her own land. These extensive flat-roofed buildings in Mukden belong to the Japanese Medical University and the South Manchuria Railway Hospital. The stone obelisk in the centre of the circle commemorates Japanese troops who were killed at the battle of Mukden during the Russo-Japanese War. To the left is the Yamato Hotel, where the Lytton Commission resided

HERR HITLER INSPECTS MOTORS: On February 11 Herr Adolf Hitler, the new German Chancellor, opened the annual Berlin Motor Show. He is seen here inspecting a new model with Herr Goehring, his Minister for Air Transport. An article on the future of Germany's political leader appears in the next column

ROYALTY SMILES AT CANNES: The King of Sweden, who is now staying at Cannes, is seen watching the final of the Carlton Tennis Tournament, in which Miss Sheila Hewitt, an eighteen-year-old English girl, defeated Fräulein Aussem. Miss Hewitt won the Junior Championship of Britain in 1931



A ROYAL YACHTSMAN: The King of Denmark seen on his yacht at Cannes, where he is now taking part in his favourite pastime of yacht racing. His presence on the Riviera with the King of Sweden has added considerably to the social importance of the Cannes season

FRENCH WOMEN PROTEST AGAINST NEW TAXATION MEASURES: Women taxpayers in Paris are organizing a giant protest meeting against an increase in taxes. Three prominent society women are seen here pasting up bills announcing the demonstration. Taxation in France is, if anything, an even more vital issue than in this country. It was one of the primary causes of the fall of M. Paul-Boncour's Ministry, and now it seems it is to be a thorn in the side of M. Daladier, the new Premier

Hitler and His Future

Germany's Man of Destiny

The man with the wayward forelock (less wayward, naturally enough, since the application of Presidential brilliantine), high cheek bones, and Charlie Chaplin moustache, whose *hakenkreuz* armband and reckless eloquence have frightened half Europe, is at long last Chancellor of Germany. The bogey has become a hard fact; and perhaps not so hard as was feared. Socialist and Republican Germany, Versailles and the Jews, finance and the big estates, Church and Constitution, are likely to remain pretty much as they are; and Hitler to prove himself not so very terrifying after all. Another idol with feet of clay—and so much the better; the world knows where it is with feet of clay—being largely of that substance itself.

It is, nevertheless, no easy matter for an observer of the German scene to imagine Hitler perched aloft in the Wilhelmstrasse. Nationalist, anti-Semite, anti-Church, demagogue, leader of the people: all these things he may be—or may have been—but Chancellor? It seems incredible in spite of the 12,000,000 votes behind him and the narrowed choice left the President after von Schleicher's resignation. Incredible because the reality of the man behind the passionate orator has been always uncertain. Incredible because the gulf between the aristocratic, unhappy Hindenburg and the plebeian, roaring, ranting Hitler had seemed impassable.

Hitler was the hub of a catherine-wheel. The sparks of National-Socialism flew brilliantly in response to his untiring revolutions. Now that the hub has been translated to the rutted, creaking cartwheel of State, what will happen to the fireworks? Or will the State itself splutter and dazzle as a catherine-wheel? I am no political prophet, but I hazard the guess that if there are fireworks in Germany they will not be ordained by the new Chancellor. He probably finds the affairs of State very restful after several years' attention to the affairs of Party.

It is at least unlikely that this brilliant organizer and fiery speaker, whom one Nazi paper declared was divinely inspired, will attempt to govern Germany according to his mass-meeting precepts. "Divine inspiration" usually stops short of government. The Peace Treaty, on which insecure foundation much of his party's programme was built up, has already, to all intents and purposes, had the bottom knocked out of it. His anti-Church and anti-Jew sentiments have been toned down by recognition of the manifest value of both Church and Jew to the head of the German State in the present crisis. His financial plans clearly have been dropped overboard, or von Papen and Schwerin von Krosigk would have had none of him. There remains, of his dramatic bugbears, the Communists.

A political party within the State, however cranky and impudent its tenets and behaviour, is, when all is said, a natural growth of the modern political system. As a man gets used to a wart on his nose, so the State gets used to a political party. But the National-Socialists are, or were, a State within the State, setting constitutional laws at defiance and proselytizing at the point of the sword and the barrel of the gun. Those who are used to impress their arguments with these forceful persuaders are not easily contented with pamphlets and pulpits. Now, therefore, that the leader of the National-Socialists has become leader of the greater, the Constitutional State, will the party fall into line and submit to the formalities and inhibitions of that greater State?

A political party gains its popular reputation from its extremists. So it has been with the National-Socialists. It is not improbable that these extremists will gradually edge away from their old leader and thus divide the party into two camps. If they do, the youthful element of the movement is almost sure to follow them. Youth, even the German youth, with its traditions of discipline, hates restraint and moderation, and neither of these virtues has been conspicuous in the National-Socialist Party, which is largely a party of youth.

There is, of course, another possibility. There is the possibility that Hitler, after his little experiment in constitutionalism, will decide that valour is better than discretion, and, leaving compromise behind in the unsympathetic laps of Hindenburg, von Papen, and Hugenburg, will return to the Brown Army and his dreams of a Germanic version of the Fascist dictatorship. Meanwhile, the remark of a typical National-Socialist is interesting: "It is a great honour to be Chancellor. It would have been a greater honour to be the saviour of Germany!" The implication is that the country cannot be saved constitutionally; and perhaps the implication is just. An ideal ceases to be an ideal once it enters into compromise, and becomes merely one shift among many in the hysteria of post-War government. The solid fact emerges that Hitler is Chancellor of a State with 6,000,000 unemployed, some 4,000,000 Communists, and 3,000,000 trained men of his own party facing as many trained Socialists, with the itch to be at each other's throats. If, in these circumstances, Hitler is not a Mussolini, a Napoleon or a Bismarck, then God help him!

R. E.

CANINES At Cruft's

INTELLIGENT ENQUIRY: Miss L. M. Macpherson's Dalmatian, Phaeton Imperial, at Cruft's Dog Show

THE SYBARITE: Miss Irene Perry, with her Samoyed, Peter of Kobe

SYMPATHY: Archi-Belle, an English Springer Spaniel, owned by Mr. S. H. Garrett

CAMERA CONSCIOUS; Captain G. Checkland-William's Welsh Corgi, Clarion of Cwmrhaidr, champion of its breed at Cruft's

POWDER PUFF PEKES: Two white Pekinese from the Fe Ling Kennels which were exhibited in the Toy Dog Class

SMILE, PLEASE: Mrs. V. Higgin's Welsh Corgis, Trier of Sealy, and Titus of Sealy, prominent members of their class at Cruft's

LINES OF BREED: Leo of Reynalton, a bloodhound, winner of twenty-three certificates. Exhibited by Mrs. N. E. Elms

AN EASTERN SMILE: Mrs. M. Wood's Afghan Hound Westmill Tamassoon

TRUSTY AND TRUE: Three of Mr. W. Anderson's prize winning bulldogs, Muiravonside Rodney, Michael and Rosalie

THOUGHTFUL: Mrs. M. Wood's champion Afghan Hound, Badshah of Ainsdart, seen in reflective mood at the Show

IN REPUBLICAN SPAIN TO-DAY

From Record Lethargy to an Idealistic Democracy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN MODERN MADRID: The Calle de Alcala, a main thoroughfare in Madrid, and the scene of intense rioting during the revolution two years ago

The Spanish Republic will shortly be two years old. It may well be that the annual "work done" statement, issued last spring and no doubt presently to be circulated again, does not bestow due prominence on one of the profoundest modifications that is occurring in the Peninsula. From record lethargy and inefficiency that rendered her in the past not so much a neutral as a nonentity, Spain is examining her sinews, preparing to fit herself out to the limit of her purse in regard to tin hats, gas, bombs, submarines, tanks, automatic rifles, motorization, in order that she may "intervene actively in the world as a Greater Spain, and her army be an adequate instrument of foreign policy enabling us to occupy a pre-eminent place in the concert of Europe" (Azaña).

That a fledgling and apparently idealistic democracy, whose Constitution is alone in renouncing war as an instrument of policy, should in these disarmament days find the acquisition of force to be so imperative may jolt. That, at any rate, is what Spain is doing.

Let me not paint a Spain girding up her loins for battle, indulge yet further aspect of next waritis, which may be wholesome but can be tiresome; rather has Madrid read the lesson as "you must muscle up nowadays or risk being left out in the cold." We note the increase in the army estimates for the current year: £370,000. Concerning this invisible budgetary speck, it should not, however, be lost sight of that a goodly proportion of the great savings effected on the old army has gone into modernization of the new.

Only towards the very end did the Primo Directorate begin to display a comprehending activity by concentrating on the defences of the Balearics. That was because of an unspoken hands-across-*mare nostrum* with Rome. The monarchy meant Spain to lean that way, for preference, in the new situation arising.

To-day that sympathy has gone, and what may take its place is as yet much in the lap of the gods. A strong and independent Spain is aimed at, but, geography ordaining so, it is hard to see how the country can escape in the upshot inclining one way or the other, France or Italy. Willy-nilly, Spain is placed in so vital a position with the Atlantic Islands, the Pyrenees, the Balearics, to say nothing of the Strait of Gibraltar.

Possession of the first implies a first-class air and submarine base against Casablanca, Mogador, and other French African centres. In regard to the Pyrenees, the French want to be certain that in the event of trouble the Spaniards can be relied upon to keep neutral and quiet over on their side, much as Italian neutrality was so valuable early on in 1914–15, enabling France to remove her Alpine garrisons in all security. Of the Balearics, the Madrid *Heraldo* recently wrote:

> Mahon and the Balearic Islands were never just a tourists' attraction for the English and the French, any more than they are to-day for the Italians. Minorca and Majorca have ever been a coveted objective round which revolves a whole series of problems bearing on major Mediterranean policy. These green and enchanting isles have to-day become the boulevard of future wars. It is that they can separate Europe from Africa, cut in two the French Mediterranean civilization by rupturing contact between France and her North African possessions. On her side, Italy looks longingly across at our island group whence she could blockade the South of France.
>
> In 1930, General Balbo's trans-ocean squadron alighted at Mahon and stayed there many days stormbound, when they must have seen quite a lot, for Minorca, "corner of a half-Celtic Spain with its rich verdure and its dolmens," was even then being overhauled. To-day active dredging is proceeding in the historic harbour whose batteries are receiving very powerful coast defence pieces.
>
> On her southern borders Spain is contemplating the oft-advocated Algeciras-Ceuta tunnel the main difficulty over which is now averred to be not so

A COVETED OBJECTIVE: A picturesque view of Port Mahon, Minorca, which Spain regards as one of the most vital strategic positions in the Mediterranean

impossible—of course, the great value of the tunnel in wartime would be the railing of France's African levies up through Spain, thereby annulling hostile submarines.

To what extent a very Left Spain would be prepared to simplify matters for her northern neighbour must depend in large measure on the hue of Paris Governments. The Right is not in favour, partly for its welcome to Spanish monarchists, but did French socialism prevail, or even liberalism as we know the term, and were ample funds forthcoming in loans from Aladdin's cave in the rue de la Vrillère, then there would be little to surprise if Spain developed a practical benevolence towards the sister republic.

The value of Spain's attitude is enhanced by her Geneva stand. She will follow the League, should war come; the League's policy shall be hers. Quite so, reflects France, but supposing the League placed France in the wrong? Would Spain hand over her naval bases to the "defenders of Right" against France? Put otherwise, would Italy slip into Mahon?

The Madrid of Señor Azaña is well and truly shaken from the siesta and alive to all these things, conscious of the commanding rôle Spain can fulfil thanks to her location at the hub of things. She has harbours, transport, air bases, could offer immunity from submarines to one side, a blockading sallyport to the other, facing Marseilles and Toulon. Spain shall be worth high bidding!

Indeed, the very wealth of her potential aid holds the peril of her being forcibly dragged in.

There is the other possibility of Spain managing to maintain her neutrality once again and in spite of everything, but not many think this feasible, and Government spokesmen have hinted as much. The last war in the Mediterranean was a quiet affair, chiefly of French and Japanese destroyers chasing U-boats. With two Mediterranean Powers at grips and a third holding unique strategical advantages it is not thought possible that the neutrality of number three could endure.

We have seen, then, Spain stepping out (as it were) in three directions—east, south, and north, Balearics, Atlantic Isles, Pyrenees. This appreciation of Spanish awakening to the Belgian parallel would be incomplete without mention of Portugal. The matter was succinctly put in a recent letter to *The Times*:

> The western border of the Iberian Peninsula containing Portugal is exceptionally fertile, in both agricultural and mineral resources, as distinct from the aridity of large parts of Spain, and the Portuguese rightly look upon us as their bulwark against encroachment or attack from jealous neighbours. Quite apart from business connections we owe the Portuguese every consideration for joining the Allies without hesitation at the outbreak of the War, and it cannot be sufficiently emphasized that Great Britain will stand fast by that delightful and fascinating country in any emergency which may threaten it.

The plain hint here reposes on fact—Madrid wants to "federalize" her fertile and favoured neighbour. Nor is the hankering the less for the fact of Portugal having become a haven alike of fugitive monarchists and uprooted Jesuits, many of whom are to be found re-established in leading hotels in and about Lisbon and back in the hill country.

TRANSPORT IN SALAMANCA: Though Republican Spain has made outstanding industrial progress since the fall of the monarchy, the lowly burro is still very popular in most parts of Spain. *Above*—A delivery boy at Salamanca riding his substitute for a milk wagon

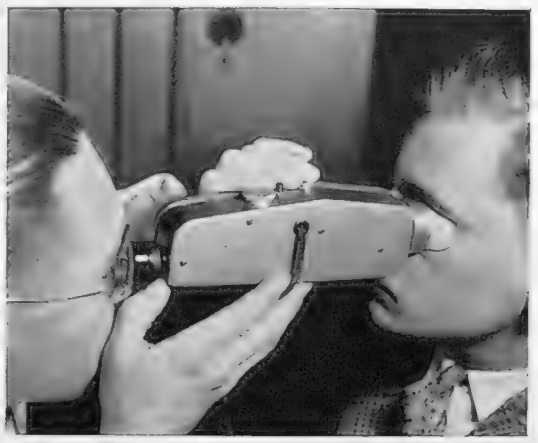
GERMANY'S UNEMPLOYED

BACK TO CAMP: Workers at a German unemployed camp returning to barracks. These camps have been organized by the workers themselves

A ROAD GANG SETS OUT: Unemployed members of a camp on the Rhine prepare for a day's work on road construction

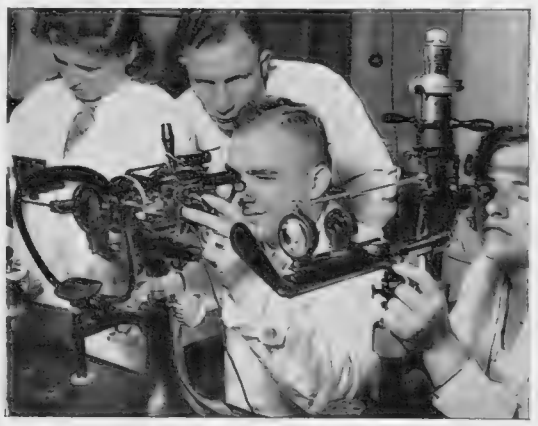
REWARD FOR LABOUR: A scene in the dining-hall of one of the Lower Rhine camps for the unemployed. Although the work is hard ample relaxation is provided for the men at the end of the day

TAKING IT EASY: A tree-felling gang enjoys an interval between work. Although receiving no pay the men are satisfied with adequate food and clean lodgings

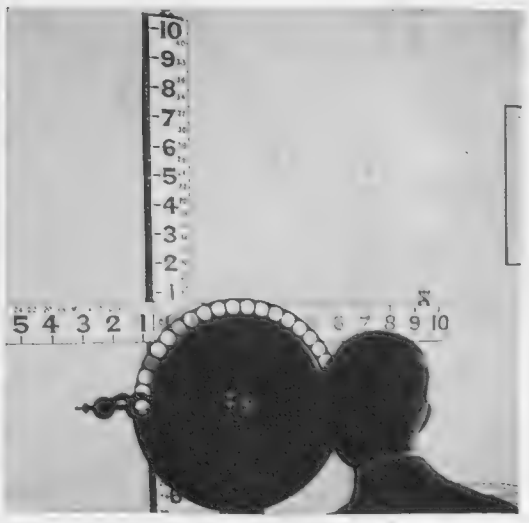


TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE: An unemployed man assists a student at the German School for Optical Technics in an examination of the "eye background"

EYE DEFECTS: Another scene at the school showing a student measuring eye defects in an unemployed assistant by means of a refractometer



CONCENTRATION: Students examining eye defects with different forms of refractometer, an important phase of their training which afterwards forms the basis of much of the optician's research work

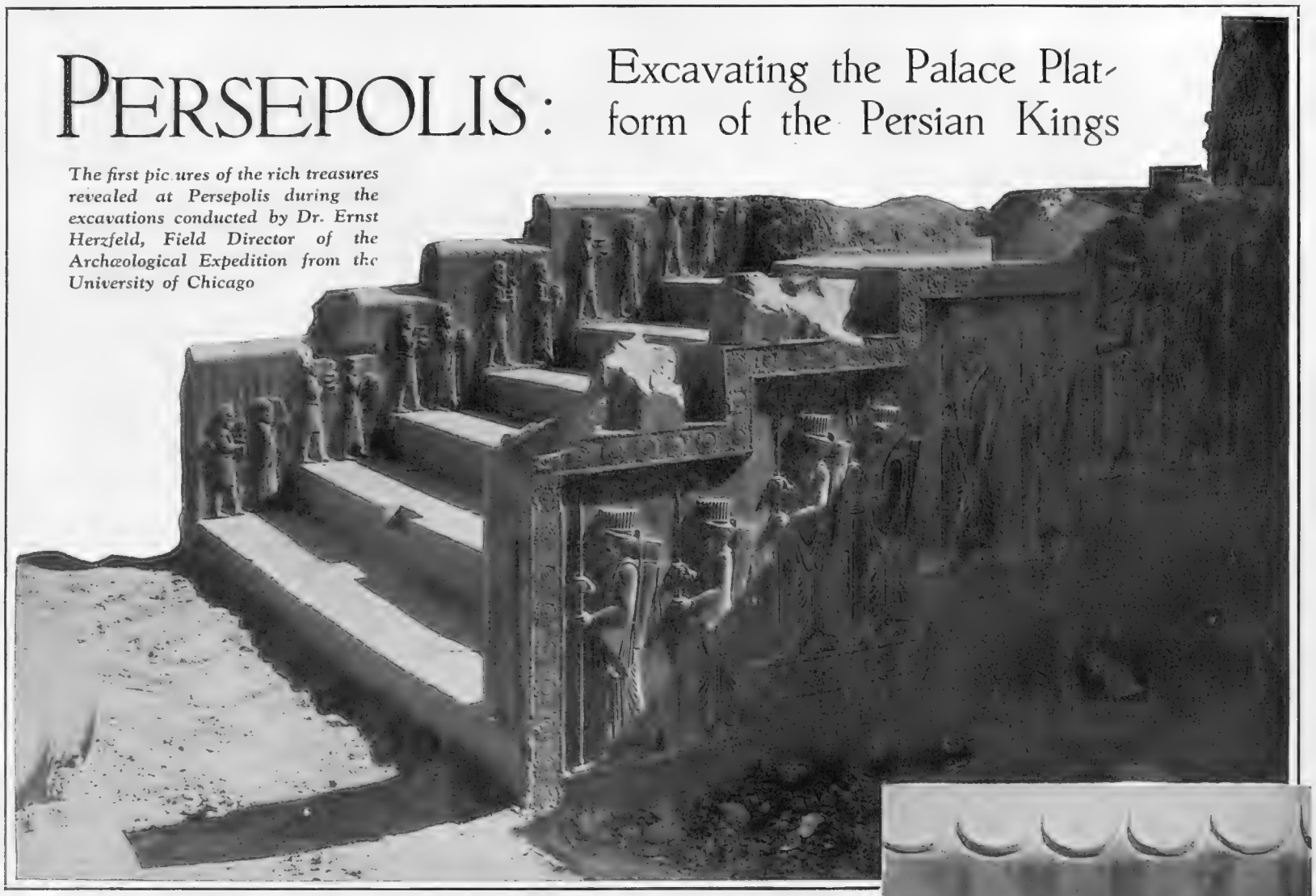


THE MADDOX CROSS: A crossed scale for measuring eye defects used largely in optical work

How are other nations facing up to their unemployment problem? This is a question of outstanding interest to-day. The pictures shown on this page demonstrate the spirit with which the German people are tackling their difficulties. The unemployed, instead of waiting upon their Government or clamouring for a dole distribution, have taken action themselves, and by banding together, and working in the rural districts for their keep and lodgings alone, have maintained their self-respect and can feel that they are really doing something to justify their existence. In the cities similar enterprise is being shown, the unemployed hiring themselves out to technical institutes by the hour as assistants to the students, for whom they act as subjects in experimental research work.

PERSEPOLIS: Excavating the Palace Platform of the Persian Kings

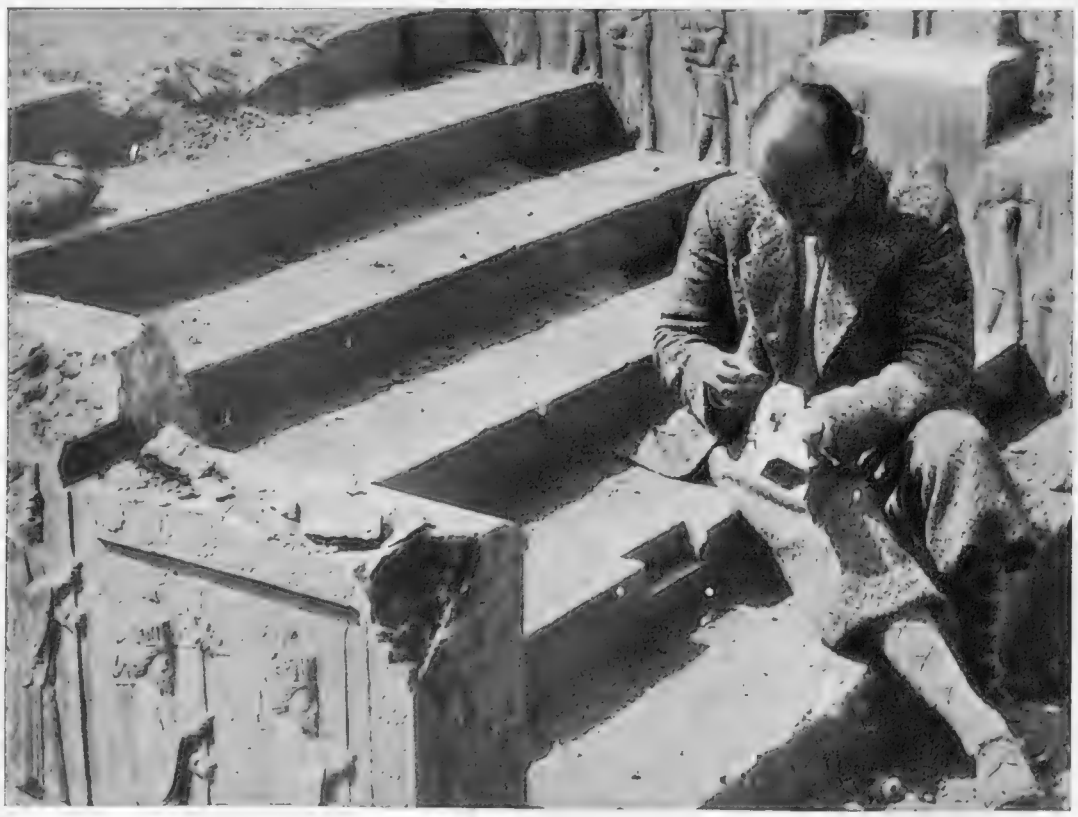
The first pic ures of the rich treasures revealed at Persepolis during the excavations conducted by Dr. Ernst Herzfeld, Field Director of the Archæological Expedition from the University of Chicago



LEADING TO THE PLATFORM: This beautifully-decorated stairway has recently been uncovered by the American expedition to Persepolis. On the outer sides are carved with cameo-like precision a succession of figures representing a Royal bodyguard carrying spears. These are enclosed in a charmingly conceived rosette border. On the inner side is a corresponding procession of tribute bearers

For the past two years the University of Chicago's Persian Expedition, under Dr. Ernst Herzfeld, have been working on and around the great palace platform at Persepolis, once the capital of the world-famous Kings of Persia. Owing to the rocky nature of the surrounding soil and the fact that the site lies close to a caravan route, the astonishing remains of the Palaces of Cyrus the Great and King Darius, the great Persian monarch who appears on several occasions in the Old Testament narrative, have never been covered by sand or the rubbish of ages to the same extent as Babylon and Nineveh. The towering seventy-foot columns and the great gateways have never been lost sight of, and from time to time notable travellers have recorded their impressions of these awe-inspiring remains of a vanished glory. Portions of the site, however, have in course of time been covered by some twenty-six feet of debris from the vanished brick and rubble

(Continued on following page)



REPAIRS TO THE PALACE STEPS: A member of the expedition is holding a small piece of carved stone which had been let into the edge of one of the treads of the stairway. It had been fastened in place with molten lead. On the left is an example of how the sculptor found a flaw in the stone which he filled with lead, and carved to resemble the rest of the tablet

THE SUBJECT NATIONS: A closer view of the figures on the Palace steps. These strange carvings represent the tribute bearers of the twenty-one vassal nations that once were subject to the Persian King

THE PALACE OF THE PERSIAN CONQUEROR: The ruined Palace of King Darius at Persepolis viewed from the north-west. During succeeding reigns, Darius, Hystaspes, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes contributed in turn to its adornment. All that now remains are the giant door and windows of polished limestone. The intervening walls were of brick and have collapsed with the passage of time

BUILT 6,000 YEARS AGO: The Stone Age Village, near Persepolis, seen at the beginning of the expedition's clearance. The walls of these houses are built of adobe

(Continued from preceding page)

walls and fragments of fallen masonry. It is in this accumulation of debris that the American Expedition have been working, and some of the results attained by them are shown on this and the opposite page. They include a highly decorated smaller stairway leading to one of the palaces on the great platform of Persepolis. The beautifully wrought figures which decorate this stairway are similar in character to the great frieze which runs round the base of the hall of Xerxes. Part of this frieze, which rises some five or six feet from the general level of the platform, has long been known, having been fully exposed to view. The American Expedition has been revealing, we presume, the hitherto covered portions of the wall of the Hall of a Hundred Columns, and these being protected from the weather are in a still finer state of preservation. All are apparently executed in the fine dark limestone which polishes to the appearance of black marble. Part of the long palace frieze is shown on this page. In the immediate foreground is depicted a conflict with a unicorn beast. Running away in perspective are typical lines of warriors and tribute bearers in three rows divided off at intervals by conventionalized trees. Twenty-one subject nations are represented. One especially notable panel, it is stated, portrays the great King wearing garments hemmed with scarlet and purple and shoes of the same colour. The collapsed wall of the palace has preserved the colour of this practically undamaged panel during 2,500 years.

It is the collapse of the walls of brick and rubble which has produced the puzzling effect of some of the remains at Persepolis. Noticeably the ruined Palace of King Darius (shown above on this page) produces the appearance of a kind of decorative Stonehenge.

ADORNING THE PALACE WALLS: Persian relief sculptures unearthed by the Chicago University Expedition adjacent to a stairway of one of the vast palaces at Persepolis. The uppermost reliefs on the top course of blocks toppled off through the fall of the sun-dried brick wall above. The same effect is noticeable elsewhere. The blocks have been discovered lying uninjured at the base of the wall where the workman is seen standing. They will be replaced by the expedition

PERSE

(See also preceding pages)

For the past two years the silence of the Takht-i-Jamshyd (the throne of Jamshyd) has been broken by the sound of pick and shovel at work among the debris of the palaces of the great Persian Kings. The pigeons have fluttered disturbed around the columns and doorways of Xerxes and Darius. The storks have long ceased to nest on the tall columns of Xerxes' hall, as old John Fryer observed in 1698—five of the columns have fallen since his day. But he and his successors did not know with any certitude who built these great halls and palaces. It was not until the cuniform alphabet was discovered that the name of Darius leapt out from the inscriptions at Persepolis. Now, it may be that Cyrus displaces Darius as the founder of Persepolis.

To Flandin, who made the first careful study of these ruins in 1840, succeeded another French savant, M. Dieulafoy, who published a splendidly illustrated work in 1890 as the result of his visit in 1885. His work has been supplemented by the reconstructions (for which the French archæologists have such a flair) of Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez; one is reproduced here by courtesy of the Paris publishers. Lord Curzon's imagination was stirred by these immense sculptured remains of Persian glory, and he has left a stirring narrative of his visit, and later Mr. E. Crawshay-Williams has described them in picturesque fashion. All students of Persian history will await the fuller narrative and pictures obtained by the present American Expedition with keen interest. The illustrations given here are from negatives obtained by a recent traveller.

THE PORTICO OF XERXES: The propylæa of Xerxes, two masses of stone work which probably formed an entrance gateway for foot passengers. These portals bear figures of winged bulls, with human faces and beards, standing 15 ft. high. They transcend in æsthetic technique the Assyrian Bulls of Nineveh

THE AWE-INSPIRING TERRACE: The colossal blocks employed in the construction of the vast terrace, many of which weighed as much as thirty tons, and which were frequently taller than a man. They have been the wonder of travellers throughout the centuries. A broad double stairway leads to the surface of the platform

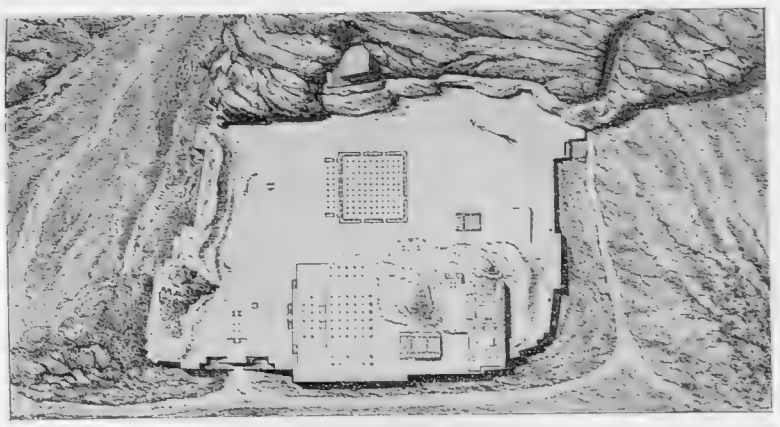
ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE GREAT HALL OF XERXES: Perhaps the largest to have been a rectangle of about 300 to 350 ft. and to have covered appro last 200 years). Their shafts are finely fluted in fifty-two divisions, and at the the capitals are still surmounted by the crouching bulls.

POLIS "The Glory of the East"

IN THE PALACE OF DARIUS: The carved inner side of a doorway, with well-preserved sculpture in processional form, in the Palace of Darius, Persepolis

A GLIMPSE OF PERSEPOLIS IN ITS PRIME: What the great hall of Xerxes must have looked like in the days of its glory is shown in this reconstruction in the famous work by Perrot and Chipiez, and here published by courtesy of Messieurs Hachette et Cie of Paris

and most magnificent structure the world has ever seen, which is computed by archæologists imately 2½ acres. Fifteen 70 ft. columns are all that now remain (five have fallen in the base devolve into a pedestal shaped like the cup and leaves of the pendant lotus. Many of These columns have even withstood the force of an earthquake



THE PALACES OF DARIUS AND HIS SUCCESSORS ON THE GREAT PLATFORM OF PERSEPOLIS: This plan, prepared by Flandin in 1840, shows the position of the palaces and stairways; the one in the centre is the Hall of the Hundred Columns (none of which is now standing)

THE FAMOUS PROCESSIONAL FRIEZE: Xerxes' Audience Hall is raised about 12 ft. above the level of the platform. A large portion of the sculptured wall-frieze has remained visible for centuries. Another but smaller frieze has recently been uncovered by the American Expedition

IN THE ARGENTINE

AHEAD OF THE FASHION: Three smartly dressed women of Buenos Aires. If anything, the Argentine capital is ahead of Europe in feminine fashions. For Paris tries out in the Argentine summer, particularly in the months of January and February, its coming styles intended for spring and summer wear on the Continent and in London. What discriminating Buenos Aires accepts to-day, London and Paris will be wearing to-morrow

THE WORLD GOES BY: An animated sc
of Argentina's capital city. Its artif
combine to make it one of the mos

ON A PALERMO LAKE: When the sun is beating down at its fiercest, and men and women of leisure, who are not tied to city desks, have gone to the mouth of the great river at Mar del Plata, those less fortunate can at least enjoy the cool of Palermo's lakes. Fringed to the water's edge with thousands of southern blooms, whose scent spreads across the whole park, there is no more restful spot in Argentina than Palermo

Above—A rose garden on an island in the larger lake at Palermo

PALERMO PARK: The L

Illustrated from a S
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January and February, particularly the latter month, are the hottest time of the year in Argentina, and everybody who is anybody, as well as a great many who are not, leaves Buenos Aires either for Mar del Plata, which is Argentina's one and only seaside resort, but a very magnificent, modern, and luxurious one; or for the hills of Cordova, or for "the camp," which is the generic name for the whole of Argentina which is not made up of Buenos Aires and its residential suburbs.

The high buildings and narrow streets of Buenos Aires serve admirably to keep out the sun in the hot weather, but they also minimize the effect of any cooling breeze that may be available. But all the year round there is Palermo Park for the recreation, exercise, and refreshment of Buenos Aires' residents and visitors.

Argentines, who are not unwisely modest about the good things they own, call it the most beautiful park in the world, and perhaps in some respects they are right. It was certainly one of the cleverest conceptions any City Council has ever had to take a forlorn, barren, hideous piece of waste land, two or three miles out from the centre of Buenos Aires, and to convert it into a rendezvous at once fashionable and popular, with tropical palms, rose gardens, artificial lakes, fountains and waterways, perfect motor and carriage roads, riding tracks and picnic grounds.

The flower gardens, designed and maintained by Italian landscape garden specialists, are certainly one of the sights of the South American continent.

You take your "vuelta por los lagos," which means a gentle amble round the lakes at Palermo either during the morning in the cooler seasons, or in summer

CAPITAL'S PLAYGROUND

ed scene in Palermo Park, the playground
artificial lakes and magnificent avenues
e most beautiful city parks in the world

ne Lungs of Buenos Aires

a Special Series of
Recently by Munkacsi

during the late afternoon. At either time you will see Argentine society at its best, and you will be able to count more uniformly magnificent motor cars to the square mile than anywhere else in the world. Nobody at Palermo is going anywhere, nobody is hurrying; you are there to see and be seen, and the cars move sedately and quietly in a fixed circle round and round the lakes while the occupants wave greetings to their friends who pass and repass either in cars or on horse-back.

The horses are not, on the whole, as smart as the riders or as the cars. The local "criollo" type of animal is still mostly favoured with its easy lope or canter, known as the "paso doble," in contradistinction to the "trot ingles," which is an acquired art demanding from both horse and rider too much energy for a sub-tropical climate.

The influence of the Prince of Wales' visit is very clearly seen in the current fashions for riding costumes, both male and female; the style is definitely English and suggestive of Rotten Row at its best. Quite a few years ago no Argentine girl would have dreamt of riding astride in public at Palermo. To-day the side-saddle is hopelessly out of date.

Indeed, modernity is the keynote of young modern Argentine society. Feminine summer fashions which over here emerge for the first time at Lord's and Ascot have all been tried out by Paris in the Argentine during January and February before they are seen in Paris in the early Spring.

Feminine beauty is, perhaps luckily, a matter of individual taste, but only a colour-blind churl or a double-dyed cynic could go to Palermo on a fine day with his eyes open and fail to see really beautiful girls, judged by any standard.

RIDING AT PALERMO: A feature of Palermo Park is the wonderful riding track where well-dressed Buenos Aires displays its fashions and its horsemanship. It is only since the Prince of Wales' visit that riding astride has become popular. Side-saddle is now considered out-of-date

ONCE WASTE LAND: Tropical vegetation now flourishes at Palermo, which once was only a stretch of waste land on the outskirts of the city. It was here that the British Empire Trade Exhibition was held in 1931

BEAUTY IN THE SHADE: Although Palermo Park is essentially the people's pleasure ground, Buenos Aires women of fashion have made its promenade a centre of social life. One goes to Palermo to admire and to be admired

A PALACE of SPORT for London

A Visit to its Prototype in Paris

By CHARLES GRAVES

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT: The imposing entrance of the Palais de Sports, Paris. Mr. Jeff Dickson, the well-known boxing promoter, is planning a similar building for London

SUCTION RACING: Competitors taking part in a bicycle race at fifty miles an hour at the Palais de Sports. The bicyclist is drawn along by the vacuum created at the rear of the motor cycle

It is one of the curiosities of International life to-day that Great Britain, which has the reputation of being the most sporting nation in the world—leg theory or no leg theory—should not possess a building solely devoted to sports. There are sports palaces in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Berlin, and Paris. Each of them makes a fortune for its promoters. But London is still without one.

Come with me to the Palais de Sports in Paris. I can promise you a thrill. It is only 225 miles from the Albert Hall (which obviously is disqualified from being a sports palace by fixtures like choral society concerts, political meetings, and spiritualist convocations). But it is worth the journey. Something is always happening there from 10 a.m. to midnight.

A capital of 12,500,000 francs was necessary to launch it. For it is a huge place, capable of holding 17,000 people. As you enter the swing doors to-morrow (Sunday) a roar fills your ears. The most exciting sport of modern days is in full swing—a sport, moreover, which is entirely unknown to the masses in England. Bellowing round an oval, banked-up track shoot four motor bicyclists, and seemingly glued to them, four bicyclists pedal madly behind them. They are doing 50 m.p.h., which is twice as fast as dirt track racing on a course one-half the size. Do you wonder that the Frenchmen eat it up? It is all a matter of the bicyclist on his machine being drawn along in the vacuum caused by the motor bicycle. The man on the motor bicycle stands bolt upright to cause as big a draught as possible. But he is not allowed to pad himself out more than a total width of a metre. Nor may his rear bumper be less than 60 centimetres distant from the exhaust. If the distance were decreased it would add 3 or 4 m.p.h. to their joint speed. As a test, a French cyclist rode behind a motor bicyclist as widely padded as possible, and reached the fantastic speed of 130 kilometres an hour. The race we are watching is 30 kilometres, and there are only six laps to go. At each banked curve the bicyclist careens over at an angle of more than 45 deg., straightens out, and careens over again. The crowd roars. It is terrific. No. 2 is overtaking No. 1. He passes him high up on the banking.

You have never had such a thrill in your life. Just a touch, and all four men would be a tangle of smashed machines and broken limbs. The race ends. A good thing. You are nearly getting heart-failure. And then you see the bicyclist breaking away from the suction of the motor bicyclist. That is exciting, too. He has to pedal like mad before the separation is complete and must go on pedalling furiously until he can slow down by stages. Later on we see the start of one of these races. The four motor bicyclists roar off on their own. The bicyclists pedal off after them. When the motor bicyclists have got their engines warm they storm up to their individual men, jockey for position just in front, and tear triumphantly off with them safely in their suction.

Do you remember the bicycle race in René Claire's film, *Le Roi des Resquilleurs?* It was taken here. Our hearts having assumed their normal beat, let us look round the hall. It is over 600 ft. long, 300 ft. wide, with a glass roof at the height of the average six-storey building. There are two galleries all round the building which are jammed with people. In the oblong space surrounded by the race-track is another mass of spectators, perhaps 3,000. Beneath them is the skating rink surmounted by a temporary floor. Round the race-track are loges, the most expensive seats in the building, at 50 francs a time. The cheapest are 10 francs. Overhead, just below the roof, are the advertisements of Dubonnet, Café Gilbert, and the like. A loud-speaker announces the result and speed of the race. Hardly has it done so when a foot bicycle race starts. This also depends on suction, but the suction comes from the leading bicycle.

So each competitor tries to pedal as slowly as possible in order to come last until the final lap. We are lucky, for the five men are all champions and ex-champions—Moeskops, Faucheux, Michard, Martinetti, and Scherens. Michard is said to be able to balance stationary on his bicycle for ten minutes at a time. The race is over four laps. For three laps they are going at not more than six miles an hour. It is laughable. Then suddenly Scherens pulls out and pedals like blazes. The others all shoot after him. He has tried to steal the race, to get far enough ahead to win despite the lack of suction. He cannot do it. The other four tear after him and, with only inches between their wheels, stream over the line at nearly forty miles an hour just in front of him. The crowd is on its feet with excitement. Michard wins.

Jeff Dickson, the young American promotor, is sitting beside us. He says that there are about 16,000 people in the place, which should show a net profit of several hundred pounds on the day. All the champion cyclists are under contract to him to ride on Sundays at the Sports Palace. Some receive as much as £1,000 a year, and earn another two or three thousand a year riding in Berlin and elsewhere on the Continent. The bicyclists come from all parts of the Continent—Spain, Belgium, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, as well as Sweden and Denmark. There are two Englishmen as well—Cozens and Grant.

"You see the wire netting up by the roof," says Jeff Dickson; "that is my own idea. It can be let down with a single push of a button if things look ugly and people start throwing things. Frenchmen are very keen on their sport and raise hell if they think a wrong decision is given. Why, the other day I came here and found an absolute uproar, although the crowds had nothing to do but wait for an international ice hockey match. I really thought they would pull the place down until I discovered that the blue line marking one side of the hockey pitch curved slightly for a couple of yards."

Prize fights, ice hockey, ordinary skating, bicycle racing, lawn tennis, and, in two months' time, bull fighting. Such is the weekly round of the Palais de Sports. In the first fortnight of last month 170,000 people paid for admission.

"Why don't I start a place in London like this?" inquires Jeff Dickson. "But of course I shall. I have the site. Work is already beginning on it. And it will be open in October of next year. All I can tell you is that it will be very accessible, and that there will be a covered way from an Underground station to the entrance."

If you have nothing better to do, come back to the Sports Palace on Monday. Another sixteen thousand people will be there, and among the fighters are several whom you will soon see at the Albert Hall. After each fight there are three or four minor ones between spectators in various parts of the hall. Each decision is greeted with a mixed reception. It is all extremely exciting. A sheikh from Tunis comes up and swears at Jeff Dickson because his man was beaten in the previous fight. Dickson can do nothing. The man who complains is one of the War wounded, who can break every rule in France and yet always receive sympathy. At last the Tunisian departs. "What about the net?" you ask anxiously as another fight starts a few yards away. "Oh, this is *nothing*," says Jeff with a grin.

There he sits, dark and good-looking, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his dinner jacket—purveyor-in-chief of indoor sports on the Continent, and soon to make a similar bid in England.

Above—AN ALL-DAY PROGRAMME: Part of a 17,000 crowd at the Palais de Sports, Paris, where sporting entertainment is provided at reasonable prices throughout the day

Left—THE SPORTS PALACE AT NIGHT: An interval during an ice-hockey match between Grosvenor House, London, and the Racing Club de France

ART of the BURIN To-day

Notable Examples from the 1933 Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters, Etchers, and Engravers

THE BRIDGE AT CAHORS

Boldness of outline and a fine distinction between light and shadow are features of this etching of the Pont Valentré, Cahors, exhibited by Ian Strang, R.E.

THE INDUSTRIOUS FARM HAND

A finely conceived study in rural life in a line engraving by Stanley Anderson

ON THE ITALIAN FRONTIER

Frederick Marriott's etching of the bridge at Sospel, a frontier town in the Alpes Maritimes

COUNSEL'S OPINION

A striking character study in drypoint by S. van Abbe

IN HISTORIC LA ROCHELLE

Detailed craftsmanship and animation provide the keynote of this line engraving of the Cours de Dames, La Rochelle, by W. Washington

VIENNA NASCHMARKT IN THE EARLY HOURS: Produce which has arrived in the market at midnight waiting to be unloaded for sale in the early morning. The market opens at dawn and usually closes at about 8 a.m. During mild weather the farmers and stallholders sleep out in the open square

BETWEEN BUSINESS: A peasant woman in the wholesale section of the market snatches a few minutes' sleep during a quiet period in the morning's business

A WELL-EARNED REST: A farmer who has arrived at the Naschmarkt in the early hours of the morning, following a tiring evening's journey with his varied produce, snatches a few hours of much needed sleep before the business of the day begins

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES: A typical early morning scene at a stall in Vienna Naschmarkt. A study in animated concentration

FULL MEASURE: A thrifty Viennese housewife sees to it that she gets full value for her money as a stallholder fills her marketing bag with vegetables and produce

READY FOR THE POT: An interesting feature of produce marketing in Vienna is that the vendors clean and prepare their produce for the purchasers. This stall of carrots, cabbages, and turnips is all ready for the saucepan

THE DAY'S TAKINGS: A stallholder counts her earnings before returning home after the morning's work

VIENNA'S COVENT GARDEN

Where Smugglers Supply Austria's Capital City

Vienna, once the gay and prosperous capital of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire, boasting a population of almost two millions, has fallen on evil times. To-day it is only the chief city of a country of less than eight million inhabitants, yet its agricultural hinterland remains so undeveloped that there is hardly sufficient food to feed even Vienna itself.

There is, however, little misery and starvation in the city, although its captivating gaiety and fashionable crowds have, alas! passed away for ever. The people who, in fact, feed Vienna and bring to her delightful old market foodstuffs and agricultural produce are not Viennese at all; they are not even Austrians. Trekking daily across the country from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, countries which are hardly more than an hour distant from the Austrian capital, industrious peasant folk reap the reward of their enterprise by obtaining considerably higher prices in the Naschmarkt than they would among their own people. Even then their prices are far below those of the Austrian farmer, who for some reason or other has never been either a successful or prosperous market gardener.

A strange feature of Vienna market is the fact that the bulk of the produce sold is smuggled. For not long ago the Austrian Government took steps to protect its frontiers from the free entry of goods, seemingly with a view to fostering the interests of home producers. Somehow, however, in spite of the vigilance of the Frontier Guards, no drastic measures have been taken to prohibit the daily visits of the Czech farmers and their produce, possibly, perhaps, because the Government realize only too well that Vienna's market would be inadequate but for the enterprise of these foreign invaders.

Long before the tourist has left his hotel in the morning Vienna market is closed for the day, and the open square, with its picturesque clock tower, which only a few hours before was the scene of feverish buying and selling, has become a children's playground. The noise and the clatter of the market are gone, the city cleaning department has made short shrift of the rubbish, and only the shrill voices of Viennese children at play disturb the quietude.

But last night as the great clock was striking twelve the square was a scene of feverish activity. Farm carts, hand barrows, and every conceivable form of conveyance clattered down the streets as the farmers from over the border jostled for their favourite positions and unloaded their produce ready for the morning's work. Then a few hours' sleep, and with the dawn the market begins.

Trestles are set up and the vendors clean and prepare the vegetables for the buyers, a Viennese custom which lends attraction to the stalls. It may be that it is a trick of salesmanship, for the fresh appearance of the vegetables must surely stimulate the purchaser.

Another interesting sidelight on this colourful market, and one which reflects the greatest credit on the kindliness of the stallholders, is the appearance of people who pretend to be buyers and who are permitted, and in fact even coaxed, to taste the foods and dairy produce so temptingly arrayed. These are the poor Viennese, and there are many just now, who thus have their first and probably only meal of the day through the kind-heartedness of the simple farming people who know a little of what real poverty means, and would begrudge a fellow being nothing. It is always so with those who have suffered want and yet have remained unembittered. This is Vienna market, as colourful as any in the world, a place to visit and a place to remember, where industry and toil are rewarded and where the traveller, if he has an eye for the things that are worth while, may see life at its most stimulating moment, at the dawn of a Vienna day.

B. G.

SAVING NIAGARA FALLS

From Erosion and an Inadequate Water Supply

In 1926 a Special International Niagara Board was appointed by the Governments of Canada and the United States to determine how the wonderful scenic beauty of the Niagara Falls and Rapids can best be maintained, and by what means and to what extent the impairment thereof by erosion or otherwise can be overcome and, consistent with the preservation of the scenic beauty of the Falls and Rapids, to determine what quantity of water, additional to that now permitted to be diverted by the Boundary Waters Treaty, might be withdrawn either temporarily or permanently for power or other purposes.

The most serious injury to the spectacle as a whole is the progressive laying bare of parts of the Falls known as Goat Island shelf and the Canadian flank due mainly to erosion. The other principal injuries consist in thinning out of the American Falls and of the Rapids above both Falls, also the flow between the parts known as the Three Sister Islands and Goat Island. The laying bare of the Goat Island shelf (the United States flank of the Horseshoe Falls) is the most serious, because this is a prominent feature which should, and did formerly, carry enough water to bend the two falls into a single harmonious picture, but which, with the present meagre flow, gives the immediate impression of an inadequate water supply. It is therefore proposed to give this part of the Falls an ample sheet of water by the construction of relatively simple and inexpensive works. The proposed reconstruction scheme will take the form of submerged weirs with incidental and co-ordinated excavation designed to deflect water from the heavy current to the north of the central shoal, to distribute the water over the floor of the shelf and to the crest of the Falls, and to be merged into the general effect of the existing cascades. A flow of 4,000 cub. ft. per second, at low stages, is considered sufficient to produce the results desired.

Conditions on the Canadian flank of the Horseshoe Falls, while not so serious as those obtaining on the Goat Island shelf, are of the same general character, and are susceptible to the same type of treatment.

It is proposed that the works in the above area shall consist of the removal of exposed boulders and shoals in conjunction with the construction of submerged deflecting weirs lying diagonally and irregularly across the current, and intercepting a portion of the heavy flow in the channel to the south of the central shoal, together with such excavation as may be considered necessary.

The effect of these works will be to distribute to the Canadian flank of the Falls sufficient water to restore its crest line and re-water the rapids immediately above. The water required to be drawn from the deeper channel to ensure this effect during periods of low water will not exceed 2,000 cub. ft. per second.

The lack of volume of the American Falls and Rapids including the flow around Three Sister Islands will be remedied by raising the level of the Grass Island pool approximately 1 ft. at low stages so as to throw more water against the head of Goat Island. The construction of the submerged weir is the logical method of raising the pool to the desired elevation. Such a structure, extending irregularly across the current, with possibly auxiliary structures if required, would be quite inconspicuous, probably resulting in nothing more than a very slight ripple or rapid. It could be of rubble-mound construction, submerged to a depth as to create no obstruction to the flow of ice.

The anticipated results from the construction of the works on the two flanks of the Horseshoe Fall will be the insurance at all seasons of an unbroken crest line from shore to shore, the maintenance of the present blended green and white colour effects of the Horseshoe Fall and, in some proportionate measure, a modification of the rate of erosion in the bend. The works in Grass Island pool will ensure an adequate flow in the American rapids and falls and between the Three Sister Islands.

Naturally the cost of works of the progressive character recommended cannot be foretold with even approximate certainty until the extent to which the work will be carried is determined.

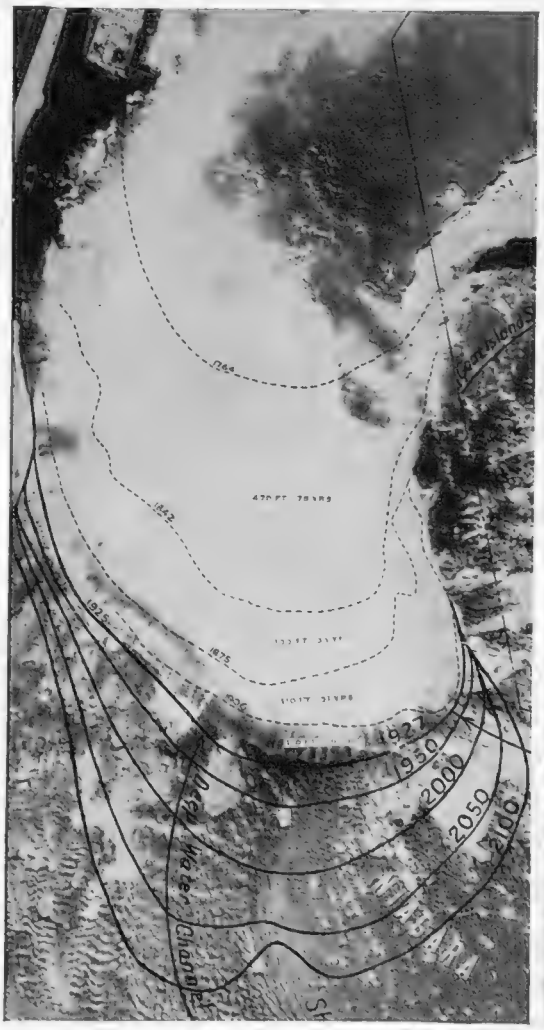
The work of re-watering the two bared flanks of the Horseshoe Fall will be productive in enhancing the scenic values of the spectacle as a whole.

F. G. Bailey

AMERICA'S SCENIC WONDER: An aerial view of the Niagara Falls taken from the Canadian side of the river. On the right is the Horseshoe Fall, where serious erosion is now taking place, and an inadequate water supply is depriving it of much of its beauty. An attempt is to be made to restore the crest line and re-water the rapids

THE HORSESHOE FALL TO-DAY: This illustration shows the unsightly effect of a too meagre water supply on the Horseshoe Fall. When the new scheme is in operation water will be deflected over this Canadian portion at present uncovered

ONCE A FLOOD: Another view of the Horseshoe Fall on the United States flank of the river, showing its somewhat dismal appearance now that the crest is devoid of water. Joint action to restore the falls is being taken by Canada and the U.S.A.



PROGRESS OF EROSION: A general view of the Canadian Falls showing the degree of erosion which has taken place since 1764, and which is likely to take place during the next 170 years

THE CHANGING FALLS: A gigantic slide of tens of thousands of tons of rock which crumbled into the river has altered the contour at the crest of the falls. The dotted line reveals the hole left by the slide

CHARM AND WILFULNESS: Yvonne Arnaud as the extravagantly unreasonable and much kidnapped wife, who has made another hit in *Doctor's Orders*, the new farcical comedy at the Globe. She is seen here with Diana Wilson, who is evidently telling her a few home truths

A VISION IN WHITE: Stranded upon a sea of almost impossible monologue, Gillian Lind gives a superb display in *Head-on Crash*, relieving during the brief moments she holds the stage the tedium of a drama which, in spite of its strong cast, is too heavy and immature to satisfy experienced playgoers

PLAYS:

Crash, and Mr. Kenneth Horne, the author of *Half-a-Million*, would be of some mutual advantage. Both are very bad plays, the former not being any the better for the general conviction it engendered that Mr. Miller would one day write a good one.

He has, however, to be judged on what he has written and not on what he may one day write. To load Mr. Miller with praise at this moment is about as sensible as praising a tight-rope walker who has suffered a head-on crash after one yard. "He is a really first-rate tight-rope walker. Of course, I grant you that he fell off the rope. Still, in the future no doubt . . ." And so on.

Head-on Crash, which Sir Barry Jackson quixotically produced at the Queen's Theatre, is a drama of immense and stilted solemnity.

Its predecessor, *For Services Rendered*, having failed because, in spite of many superb qualities, it was depressing, Sir Barry appears to have decided that it would be a wise step to produce a play still more depressing and without any superb qualities whatever and hardly any tolerable ones.

So dreadfully "clever" has its author been, so laboured in his thinking, and so anxious, apparently, to let us realize that he will have no truck with those ordinary persons who may want to know what a play is about, that he has tied himself up into knots in an intellectual frenzy of gloom.

The result has been an emphasis of the very type of absurdity he seems to have set out to avoid.

The old transpontine melodramas, with the villain chortling in evil glee and the heroine perishing in the snow with her baby, used to make a good many people

FROM SPECTACLE TO BALLET: The Coliseum has now returned to vaudeville and is featuring a number of excellent dancing turns. Above—A scene from the revival of the old Empire Theatre ballet, *The Debutante*. In the centre are Harold Turner and Phyllis Bedells

Some few years ago, a ship, involved in a collision, was cut clean in half. One half of her did not sink, and was, moreover, considered to be in a sound condition. So her owners found somewhere the sound half of another ship, clapped the two halves together, made them fit, and had a whole ship which sailed the sea profitably for quite a while.

Could some such process be followed with plays? It would not, I fear, be such a simple and clear-cut business. For a play rarely, if ever, is definitely good in one half and definitely bad in the other. Its virtues and its defects are popped about promiscuously like plums in a pudding.

Yet it is a pity that so many plays are doomed to perish which have in them enough virtues to make, if fitted together with skill, a sound whole which would sail through a London season with profit.

I have just seen two plays of such egregious foolishness that any attempt at amalgamation would be dreadful to contemplate.

None the less, I believe a quiet conference between Mr. Lawrence Miller, the author of *Head-on* laugh because they were written in highly artificial language. But they used to make many more people thrill and enjoy an honest cry, because they had a sense of the stage and a sensational plot, which was worked out logically.

Mr. Miller's language in *Head-on Crash* I found no less artificial than that of *When London Sleeps* or *The Bells of Haslemere*, for being thick with dud epigrams instead of limelight heroics. His plot was just as sensational; but instead of being worked out logically it was not worked out at all.

Throughout that dreary evening a patient audience were asking themselves why that tall woman brought to Lord Bretton's house the motorist who had run over his son, why Lord Bretton committed suicide, why the engaged couple behaved like lunatics, why the stage was littered with packing-cases.

That is a game of which one soon tires. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke can do nothing badly; but as Lord Bretton he seemed in imminent risk of being suffocated by his own (or rather, Mr. Miller's)

"Head-on Crash"—A Drama of Stilted Solemnity — Cedric Hardwicke Suffocated with Epigrams: "Half a Million"—A Farce that is not Funny—W. H. Berry has an Uphill Task: "Richard of Bordeaux"—A Memorable Event

By PHILIP PAGE

epigrams. Miss Flora Robson is a fine actress; but she is hardly an embodiment of the spirit of carnival, and her contribution, though no fault of her own, to the general misery, made the play well-nigh intolerable.

If Mr. Lawrence Miller is one day to write a good play—and I do not say that he will not—it would do him no harm to undergo a course of Mr. Joe Miller.

Failing that, he might, as I have suggested above, have a talk with Mr. Kenneth Horne, compared with whom I would put down Mr. Joe Miller as an example of the Newest Humour.

Half a Million is in some respects no less grim than *Head-on Crash*, for a farce that is not funny is agony to the soul. But it is less pompous, less pretentious, was better lighted and rather better written. Mr. Horne makes his characters say silly things—most people, on and off the stage, do that—but he does not allow them to "phrase" them.

His method, too, is simple. If there is a door, bang it—and on the stage of the Vaudeville are at least five doors. If there is a pretty girl, let her be seen in underclothes. If there is a moment that must be filled up let somebody pretend to be drunk.

Mr. Kenneth Kove's speciality of vapid youth is exploited to the full, though why the heiress his parents wished him to marry turned out to be a young man in disguise remained, to me at any rate, a mystery. Miss Mercia Swinburne, looking lovelier than ever, had obviously strayed in from a better-bred world.

Poor Mr. W. H. Berry, the hero of a hundred musical comedies, twitched his pink cheeks and blinked his blue eyes and worked hard in comic perplexity. But he had an uphill job and could not get up the hill. A topical song, of the type Mr. Berry can sing inimitably, might have helped.

I imagine far more people will go to the New Theatre to see *Richard of Bordeaux* than would ever attend a revival of *Richard II*. Which may be a nasty one for Shakespeare, but is a very nice one for the lady who calls herself Gordon Daviot and has written one of the finest historical plays of this generation.

An interesting arrangement would be for *Richard II* to run simultaneously at an adjacent theatre. This would afford an opportunity for intensive study of one of the most interesting though not the most worthy of our English Kings.

There is some tendency, I find, to lump the Second Richard with the Second Edward as a weak degenerate. Both had failings on similar lines and both met a tragic end. But the resemblance is only superficial; in many ways Richard was an admirable character and he never ceased to be an interesting one. However—away from history and to the play.

Much has been made of the suggestion that the author here uses the common talk of men and women in 1933, and even uses slang. I heard no slang at all, and not a word that jarred in any way.

Her treatment of history is not Shakespearean, and is not intended to be Shakespearean. On the other hand, she does not use the undignified jargon which would make the American film version of *The Sign of the Cross*, at the Carlton Theatre, one of the most uproariously funny entertainments in London were it not for torture scenes calculated to make anyone but a sadist come near to vomiting.

People in *Richard of Bordeaux* talk just as reasonable people talk to-day and (making allowance for developments in language, though not in the use of and attitude towards language) as they must have talked in Richard's century. If one flees from realism and has in one the divine poetry of Shakespeare, let us have another *Richard II*. But anything short of Shakespearean divinity results in Wardour Street, which is not at all a divine street. Miss Daviot's course is, I am convinced, quite the right one. What is more, she has pursued it with an uncanny sense of what is fitting from every point of view.

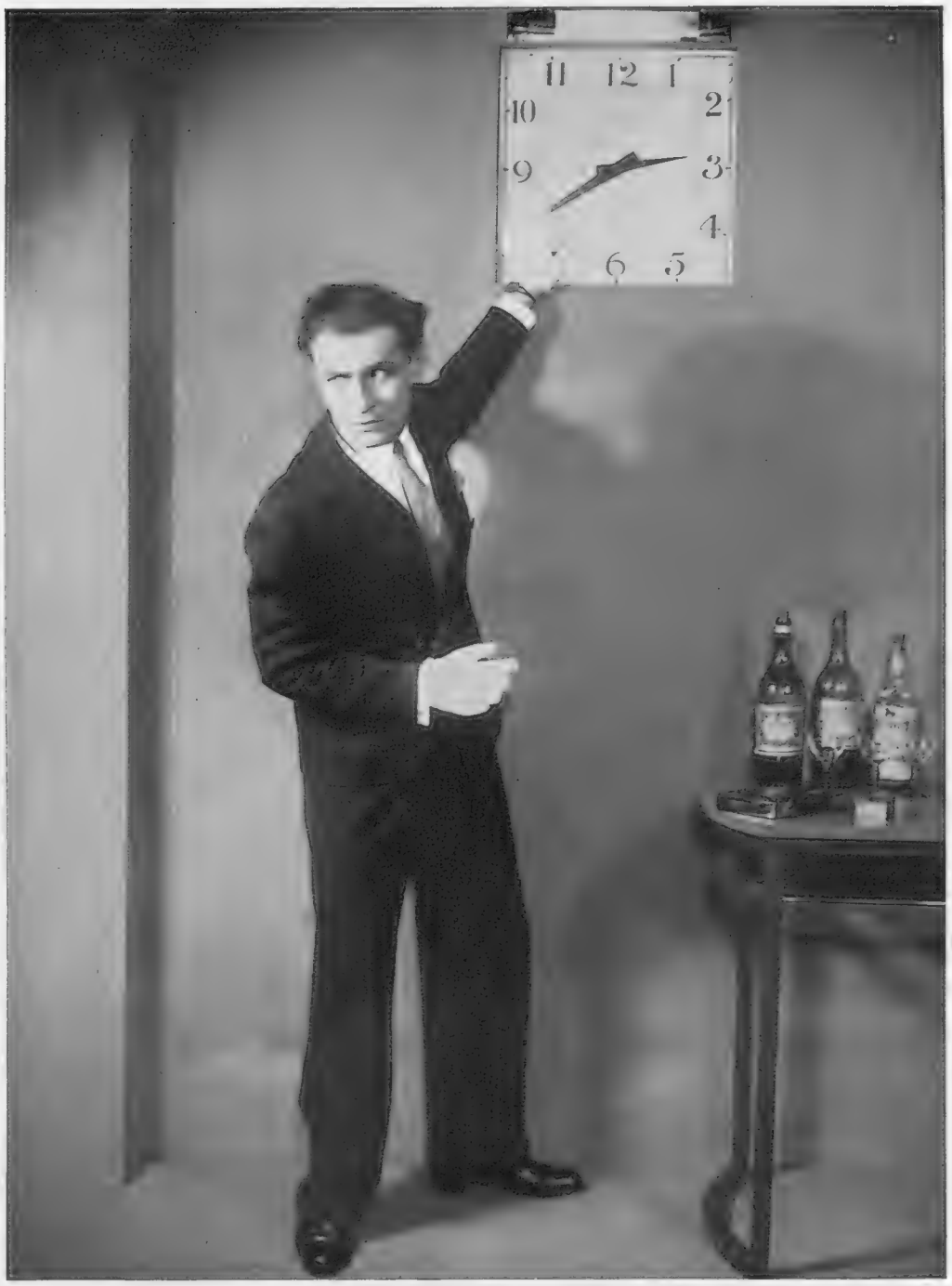
For the details of *Richard of Bordeaux* let me refer you to the history books, *passim*. Of course, one cannot make a play out of historical episodes without introducing dialogue for which there is no contemporary evidence. But whereas I find this exasperating in modern historical biography and quite uncalled-for in the theatre, it is both legitimate and, done as well as it is done here, enjoyable.

The play moves easily and dramatically to its destined end—the fall of Richard, fortunately unaccompanied by the horrors of his murder. The drama lies largely in the contrast between a vacillating man of personal courage, obvious ability, and a sense of humour, and those who compassed his ruin without possessing a tenth part of his personal charm.

Although the dice are not unduly loaded in the King's favour and the whole thing is managed with infinite tact, one is never allowed to lose sight of the fact that here is a gentleman in the finest sense, with the reticence and the whimsical cynicism of good breeding, among a crowd of what the late Lord Birkenhead would have referred to as "glittering prizers."

Henry of Bolingbroke was a bully and a bit of a cad. The Archbishop of Canterbury was a sneak and a humbug. The King's defeat at their hands was inevitable.

Simplicity of setting and simple perfection in acting help to make this a memorable event. In the long and immaculate cast, Mr. John Gielgud, Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, and Mr. Eric Stanley stand out.



MURDER AT THE HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and the clock, two important characters in *Ten Minute Alibi*, Anthony Armstrong's dramatic murder entertainment. The murder is committed while the hands of the clock are turned back, an old trick perhaps, but one that is ably and thrillingly handled by the author. The clock is very nearly the undoing of the watertight alibi which the young lover has endeavoured to establish as the result of his dream while under the influence of a doped cigarette

WHICH OF THE FOUR? Betty Findon (Celia Johnson) undergoes cross-examination at the hands of two Scotland Yard detectives, T. G. Saville and George Merritt, who provide light humour in the midst of a tense scene in *Ten Minute Alibi* at the Haymarket. The piece is played by the same cast which so successfully presented it at the Embassy Theatre

BOOKS

By
CECIL ROBERTS

Life in a Soviet Factory—Solemn Asininity in the Country of the Proletariat: Eleven Readable Stories by Mr. J. C. Squire

MISS CATHERINE BRODY, whose book, *Nobody Starves*, is published by Messrs. William Collins

MR. GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK, author of *The Life of Ivar Kreuger*, published by Peter Davies, Ltd.

It is so difficult to obtain the truth about Russia that the account of a reliable witness is valuable. Frau Lili Körber, in her book, *Life in a Soviet Factory* (Lane. 7s. 6d.), has given us a story that bears the impress of truth on every page, and she writes with such overwhelming candour that her evidence is of the utmost value. This is Russia with the lid off. Our Labour delegates who set forth with the determination to be impressed, and are deftly piloted to given spots, cannot be trusted. Neither can our intellectuals, who are so absorbed by a system that they care nothing for the individual. On the other hand, sheer prejudice renders valueless the account of those who are determined to see chaos in a great experiment. No one could challenge the evidence of this most remarkable book. Frau Körber is an enthusiastic Communist. She regards Russia as the new Paradise. In her enthusiasm she gives us a completely devastating account of life in Russia. Anything nearer to a conception of hell on earth it would be difficult to imagine. She does not realize this effect of her book. She works at her lathe in the white heat of enthusiasm. She finds the pure spirit of freedom in the lowest brawls in the apartment house where she dwells. She extols the system of spying and sneaking that permeates the workshop. The illiterate process that passes for justice she greets with ecstasy. In a thousand comments she lets in a merciless light on much that was dark.

With the intention of finding out the truth about Communism she hid the fact that she was an intellectual and went to work in a Soviet factory, the Putilov Tractor Works near Leningrad. This was not quite her whole reason. She confesses to an *affaire* with an American specialist, and when he is deposed, with a succession of lovers. Amorous adventures seem to run side by side with Communist enlightenment. Husbands and children appear to be changeable commodities and are not taken seriously. It may be that for a nation of serfs the present condition of Russia is preferable to the past. But the idea that any British, German, French, Italian, or Dutch workman would settle down to the appalling conditions Frau Körber lauds is quite ludicrous. Let us consider, for instance, the Tshistka or "purge." Every two years a workmen's commission scrutinises anyone it is suspicious of. The unfortunate victim is sent to a "Tshistka," where anyone can bring forward accusations. "Mary Petrovna thought the party purge was a still more trying ordeal, because it shed light on even the most insignificant details of Communistic private lives. Many women were known to burst into fits of hysterical tears when faced with it."

In every conversation the words class-conscious and proletarian are bandied about. It is obvious the Russians have not the slightest sense of humour in this respect. "Communists have no private lives, in fact, no citizens of the Soviet Union have private lives. Every individual belongs in the first place to the community, which has a right to know what sort of person he is. The persons concerned should recognise this fact and help the Tshistka in their work instead of getting nervous and having hysterical breakdowns." "Only a foolish intellectual wants privacy or resents being spied upon," observes Frau Körber.

But there are other terrors of this enlightened State. A twelve-year-old boy, wearing a red tie, accosted Frau Körber and requested a lecture in his club on "the status of proletarian children in capitalist countries." Said he, "I am Joseph Finkelstein, a Jew, that is to say, I belong to a national minority. My father is an invalid and draws a pension. I have sent my mother to school; in our school we have organized a course for women who want to qualify for a trade. My mother will become a metal worker. As we are so short of workers nowadays it is important for everyone to qualify for some trade." Frau Körber agreed to give them a lecture. This insufferable brat conducted her to the hall. Youths and maidens wearing red ties sat on the platform and in the hall. The president, a girl of twelve, read the agenda: I, Education of parents. II, Report on progress. III, Lecture by a foreign comrade on the children's revolutionary movement in capitalist countries.

The solemn asininity of these proceedings is beyond belief. This book gives the impression that the Communists have the mentality of children of ten. What is the Mecca of this class-conscious creed and its worship of the proletariat? "The individual household will gradually be superseded by the collective one. Certainly it is a long process which cannot be completed overnight, but even now a large part of the population does not spend its free time in the home." Convenience, comfort, good food, and even good health, says Frau Körber, do not seem to them nearly as important as they are to us. We learn that even the alarum clock in the apartment house is a communal one. Life is lived on a high scale. "Nowhere in the world is there so much education imparted as in the Soviet Union; the attendant at the theatre who refuses to let you into the auditorium when the performance has begun, and the Soviet policeman who stops the tram with his whistle to demand a fine of 1 rouble from a passenger who has jumped on while it was in motion, are permeated with the idea that they are fulfilling a cultural mission." I suppose the Communists who threw the Royal family down a mine shaft, and the Tcheka that blew out the brains of its victims in a prison cellar, felt they were fulfilling a cultural mission.

In the end, despite her enthusiasm, Frau Körber flew by aeroplane out of Russia after two days' hard work in collecting stamps for her passport. It is interesting to learn that "Authors belong to the privileged classes in the Soviet Union when they are supporters of Bolshevism. Literature 'from below' receives special encouragement. The latest slogan is a shock brigade for literature." Frau Körber in her engrossing book has provided us with a first-class shock. Here is a nightmare beyond imagination.

Men Against Death by Paul de Kruif (Cape. 12s. 6d.) is a book that, for thrills, will surpass any detective story I know. It is the history of a dozen men who, in different corners of the earth, have devoted their lives to tracking down the causes of death. It has been largely a hunt for relentless microbes, lurking assassins whose methods have a monstrous cunning. Unfortunately Mr. de Kruif writes Americanese. It is more tolerable in the headlines of a talkie than in this book, which is a serious though popular study of the men who have set themselves against death. Mr. de Kruif, this fault condoned, knows how to tell a dramatic story. Three of these modern heroes were ordinary doctors, three were Public Health officials. Semmelweis who conquered childbed fever, Banting who found insulin, and Minot who found the cure for pernicious ænemia, have chapters to themselves. Without Banting's insulin Minot could not have lived to make his discovery of liver feeding for ænemia. Most of these studies are from the American angle, and deal with work in American laboratories. Doubtless Mr. de Kruif in Europe would have found similar stories of heroism. One of the most thrilling chapters in this absorbing book tells of the fierce battle in a laboratory with the parrot disease, psittacosis. These men shut themselves up in a cellar with diseased birds. Death swooped down upon them. One by one they sacrificed their lives in the quest for light. Mr. de Kruif narrates the story of Schaudinn, who discovered the spirochetes of syphilis, and died penniless at thirty-five. There is something of tragedy in the story of how Bordet missed fame and Wasserman found it, the former because he made one experiment too many, the latter gaining it because, while wrong on a detail, he was right in general. There is an excellent section on the discoveries of light therapy, on Finsen, and Rollier and Stranberg. We all know now the curative properties of sunlight, but Finsen and Rollier had to live down doubt and ridicule.

In the conclusion of this entertaining book the deadliest murderer, the hæmolytic streptococcus, is unmasked. Mr. de Kruif makes an exciting drama of it. Every page of this book commands attention. One obscure assistant in the laboratory, who perished in his zeal, was buried quietly, with a last request that his debts might be paid. This book is a saga of the heroes of the medical laboratory who fall in the deadliest war of all.

In his book, *Outside Eden* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), Mr. J. C. Squire has given us a collection of eleven stories. A greater variety of matter I have seldom come across, and it is remarkable, considering the various themes Mr. Squire has touched, that there is not a poor story in the whole book.

Some of these studies deal with phases of the literary life, which he knows well, and the gift of satire is never hidden. But it is the quality of the writing, the deftness with which the theme is developed, and the crowning dénouement reached, which distinguish these stories, and make them delightful entertainment. There is a superb satire on the uplift mongers, in "This Bloody Turf," which tells how a play of Robert Browning's achieved a success the poet never knew. The editor of a popular magazine and a highbrow are revealed in conflict, and Mr. Squire epitomizes in this study the gulf that yawns between the popular and the elect. "The Reader" contains the best description of the British Museum Reading Room I have ever read. "Some poor dowdy women and white-bearded men, to whom silence and self-sufficiency have become second nature, come and go, fetch their books, carry them back, fetch more, return them, and shuffle away at the day's end to their unimaginable homes, without ever speaking to or apparently seeing even their most habitual neighbours." One of those figures "had a moustache and a goatee, but the foreign appearance was chiefly given by the high cheek-bones and the little slanting slits of eyes." Mr. Squire never spoke to him, he never saw him, though they both haunted the museum at the same time. Now to see him he would have to enter that grim mausoleum in the Red Square at Moscow, and pass with a line of worshipping Russian peasants.

A good historical novel is a rare thing. Here is one, by a new novelist, *The Lily Field*, by Constance Rutherford (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). It is a stirring tale of the days of Agincourt, the action taking place around Agincourt, Caen, Falaise, and Rouen. Miss Rutherford makes no attempt to write an archaic prose. Her method is direct, her action brisk, her writing full of colour and passion, and her history painstakingly correct. Throughout the story moves the striking figure of Henry the Fifth. The troubled time of the Hundred Years War, with France given to pillage and flame, is impressively conveyed. A delightful story has been given a beautiful format by the publishers, who are to be congratulated on a book whose appeal is both to the sense and the eye.

What shall we say of Herr Robert Neumann's method of biography? He tells the stories of six literary marriages in *Passion* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). These marriages are Shelley's, Strindberg's, Dostievsky's, Goethe's, Byron's, and Balsac's. They are narrated in the most vigorous style, and boldly put forth the most arresting theories. Herr Neumann writes with such force and originality that I found my critical faculty suspended. At any rate his matter has as much justification as that of Strachey's or Maurois'. He chooses the dramatic moments, and touches up the high lights in his portraits and makes dead bones live. It is all very arresting if not very accurate reading.

Although a novel, Miss Catherine Brody's *Nobody Starves* (Collins. 7s. 6d.) makes an excellent parallel life to Frau Körber's study of Russian factory life. Miss Brody takes us into the American factory, she tells the story of industrial collapse, of economic failure, of the terrible struggle of those over whom the fear of unemployment hangs even in prosperous years, and who, in the time of economic disaster, know the meaning of starvation. This book is a moving, sincere piece of work that takes its material direct from life in its roughest forms. There is no intentional propaganda but the effect on the reader is none the less powerful. Here are several fallacies exposed. Mass production and the minimum wage policy are productive of evils quite as menacing as sweated labour and pre-trades-union conditions. This book is at once an excellent novel and an enlightening study. It offers the reader, in perhaps the most serious theme of the day, readability combined with a remarkable insight into the causes of economic and industrial collapse.

BOOKS TO READ

DEATH IN THE AIR (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).
VICTORIAN SENSATIONS, by Horace Wyndham (Jarrold. 12s. 6d.).
THE MAN WHO LIKED HELL, by A. R. Cooper (Jarrold. 12s. 6d.).
SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS, by Harold Dearden (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.).

Novels:

HE ARRIVED AT DUSK, by R. C. Ashby (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).
MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Richard Strachey (Constable. 7s. 6d.).
MURDER AT THE VARSITY, by Q. Patrick (Longman. 7s. 6d.).

FILMS OF THE HOUR

IN A RENÉ CLAIR PRODUCTION: The eccentric (Paul Oliver) provides a free entertainment for the crowd in *14 Juillet*, the new Rene Clair film which had its première at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, last week

CHARM AND VERSATILITY: Although Miss Gertrude Lawrence has previously appeared in only two films, she displays in *Lord Camber's Ladies* all her brilliant stage versatility

EVENINGS FOR SALE: The inimitable humour of Charles Ruggles provides an admirable foil for the polished performance of Herbert Marshall in the new Paramount picture, *Evenings for Sale*, also starring Sari Maritza and Mary Boland

FROM ELSTREE: Gerald du Maurier as Dr. Napier, a Harley Street physician, and Benita Hume, his laboratory assistant, in a scene from *Lord Camber's Ladies*, British International Picture's new production from Elstree

ONE PRECIOUS YEAR: Basil Rathbone, after his prolonged sojourn at Hollywood is now playing the graceful lover in British films. He stars with Anne Grey in *One Precious Year*, a Paramount British picture directed by Henry Edwards at Elstree

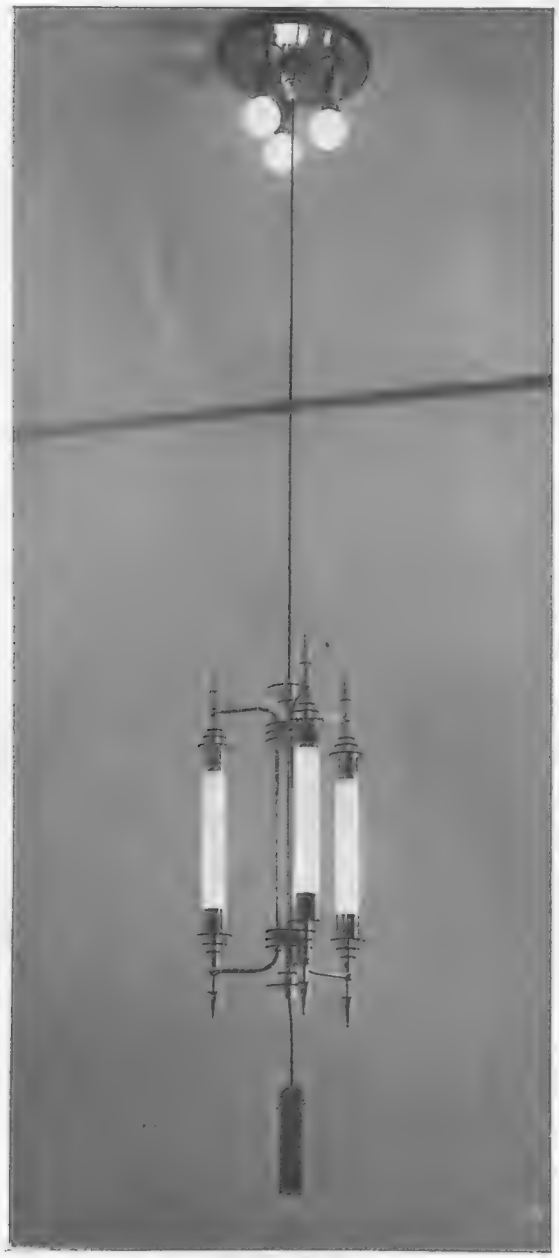
WOMAN

Experiments With Modern Materials: The Renaissance of Glass: A Sitting Room of 1933

MODERNITY AND PRACTICAL EFFICIENCY: A successful example of a room which has been experimented with in modern materials. The walls and fireplace are boxed in, the curtains are of sheet rubber in white, and the armchair in the corner is covered in an attractive coat material. Note the modernistic floor rug and the neatly designed cocktail cabinet

Right—**LINE EFFECTS IN GLASSWARE:** Two outstanding pieces designed by Jacob Bang for Messrs. Holmegaard Glasvaerk

AN UNUSUAL CHAIR COVERING: The possibilities of check tweed as an upholstery covering are interestingly demonstrated in this modern easy chair by Arundel Clarke. This type of covering is more customary



A LIGHTING NOVELTY FROM VIENNA: This modern tube lamp has been carried out to the design of Herr Fritz Gross, a Vienna architect. The switch is hidden in the tassel hanging from the base of the lamp

"Inventions" in interior decoration, as we know them to-day, are not so much novelties as new and better ways of dealing with old and re-discovered materials—methods, in fact, born of an urge for economy so necessary in these times. There is too an added attraction in the fact that nearly everyone, and certainly every house-minded woman, can blaze a new trail of her own, converting well-known materials to new and interesting uses.

For instance, with a few yards of American cloth it is not difficult to devise new delights in colour and surface, while with even an inexpensive tweed for chairs is discovered a quality which appeals particularly to the simple clean lines so essential in the modern home. It is even used now for curtains and for small cushion covers. In fact a voyage of discovery around tweed displays in the shops will yield some entertaining results. Taking three or four shillings as a minimum price, and bearing in mind the lasting qualities of the cloth, these tweeds make a really good investment for new "loose covers," so essential to making the home habitable for the summer months.

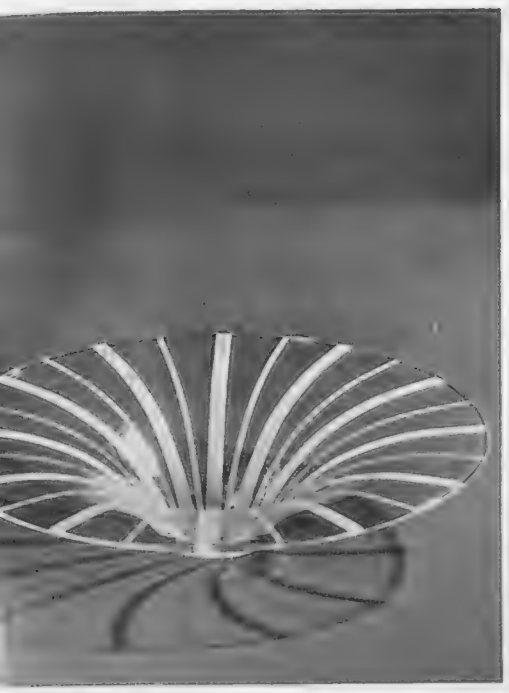
The partition problem is a worry indeed, which in one instance has been conquered by the clever idea of the occupier of a ground floor flat in a large, old-fashioned, and stucco-fronted house. The problem was the separation of the main hall from the hall of the flat in such a way as to present a pleasant and modernist interior wall without expense and without fearsome structural alterations! The owner (himself a technical expert) evolved the excellent idea of using standard venesta plywood mounted on standard Crittall frames. The door set in this "wall" has a chromium-plated standard handle, and the graining of the plywood gives a quite excellent wall effect that needs no further decoration.

POSSIBILITIES OF PLYWOOD: A plywood partition which gives a pleasing appearance of dignity and novelty to a room interior. This is mounted on standard sized frames, and the plywood is a standard modern product

Lino—once despised lino!—can be used with effect for a stairway dado, a nursery half-wall, a dozen other ways that will occur to the house-minded woman as she contemplates with horror the little roughnesses and rents in the surface of the stairway walls or within reach of her small son's vigorous hands round his nursery walls.

—J. W.

and the HOME



IN EBONY AND SYCAMORE: The fireplace in the same room, which was entirely reconstructed by Mr. Granville Conway. It stands on a plinth of macassar ebony and is veneered with highly-polished grey sycamore, finished at the top with a slab of macassar

IN A NEW TECHNIQUE: On the right are two striking bowls designed for Eda Glasswork. The design is cut on a flat wheel, providing unusual scintillation. The painted vase on the left is by Vicktor Lindstrand

COLOURED GLASS WARE: A bowl in crystal and an ash-tray in the same style in burnt rose amber designed for Messrs. Powell. On the left is a Whitefriars vase in green and amber

A STUDY IN STIMULATION: An English whisky decanter and glass and a Danish liqueur set. The one is pure amber crystal Wealdstone glass (Powell), and the other smoked glass (Holmegaard Glasvaerk)

○

In this throwing of light into all our dark corners glass once again has been recognized as playing a most important part in decoration: the housewife thinks of glass in terms of decoration, and a wine-glass is now no longer a mere receptacle for wine but a thing of beauty and an ornament in itself; with the larger pieces the exquisite shadows formed by light shining through glass evolve in themselves the ideal setting for displaying particularly good specimens. The Golden Age of Glass has indeed come into being; we may safely say that the engraved, cut, blown, etched, and painted glass of to-day hold place worthily with that of the best traditions of glass-making of the past.

Whereas a few years ago nothing but inferior copies of older and better styles were to be found, now the predominating note in all the displays is *modern* glass, which is anything but a sterile adaptation or variation of the individual styles of every century preceding our own, but, in common with the furniture and fabrics of to-day, a definite expression of this age, showing the hand of accomplished artists and craftsmen.

English glass is of the best; the designs of Captain Cooke especially, in heavy optic and other glass, have been carried out by that famous English firm, James Powell (Whitefriars Glass Co.), who are responsible for much excellent glass.

G. C.

○

COLOUR IN THE HOME: A modern window treatment in the flat of Mrs. Lionel Somers in Cleveland Square. The whole scheme of the room is in varying tones of black, grey, silver, and yellow, set off by two groups of red and touches of white

Entirely characteristic of the modern style it is room was, before its transformation, a woeful example of the most florid Victorianism. Enormous mouldings, a flamboyantly robust fireplace, and many dadoes, panels, and skirtings cluttered up a room which was already of a somewhat peculiar shape. These were all cleared away and the room left swept and garnished for the investiture of the modern style. The whole scheme was planned by the decorator, Mr. Granville Conway, to obviate the architectural defects of the room. This was at the same time too high, too long, and too narrow. The ceiling was therefore coved, and by placing a very bold cornice as low on the wall as was possible its apparent height was considerably reduced. An unusual feature was made of the window by removing the old mouldings and confining it in a complete frame. Formerly the spread of the window was so great that when curtained hardly anything of the wall was visible. The new treatment combined with the striking Allan Walton curtains makes instead a very definite decorative feature in the room. For the rest optical illusion was employed to assist in producing a seemingly normal sized room. The lines of the new fireplace, carried on by the position of the black and white radio-gramophone cabinet, and emphasized by the bold black stripes of the curtains and covers, form a fascinating study in horizontals. And the result of this stressing of the horizontal line is a room which does not give the least impression of undue narrowness. The new mode is marked by simplicity of line and surface, and therefore tends to be austere. However, all trace of severity is lost in the harmonious colour scheme which ranges through varying shades of silver grey, yellow, and black, with red and white to give points of relief.

G. C.

"L'HEURE EXQUISE": A delightful hostess gown in beige rose chiffon with voluminous Persian embroidery sleeves in blues, reds and gold

"SCARLET RUNNER": An original white muslin lace evening dress. The material is very cunningly worked to make a keystone pattern over the hips

THE COMING MODE

THREE MODELS BY RONALD MORRELL, LTD.

Camera studies by Eric Gray

On left — "DIABLETINE": An afternoon dress in cherry and white striped material very cleverly worked and darted. A novel feature are the square armholes

People Talked of this Week

IN SOUTHERN IRELAND: Lady Charles Cavendish, formerly Miss Adèle Astaire, and now the wife of Lord Charles Cavendish, seen while salmon fishing on the River Blackwater, at Careysville, where the season is now in full swing

A HOLLYWOOD ENGAGEMENT: Count Emanuele Borromeo D'Adda, whose engagement is reported from Hollywood to Miss Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth fortune

AT ST. MARGARET'S: A youthful bridesmaid and page seen at the wedding of Miss Oriel Wilson to Mr. Robert Hoare. The bride is the niece of Lady Chesterfield

AT A QUORN MEET: Master Robin Warrender, son of Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, watches a meet of the Quorn hounds at Seagrave, from the security of his parents' car. Reports from Leicestershire indicate that this famous pack are having a really successful season

OF "HALLELUJAH" FILM FAME: Miss May McKinney, the well-known coloured film star, seen on her arrival at Victoria Station from Hollywood. She is now playing at the Leicester Square Theatre

FAMOUS ACTORS AT ST. MARTIN'S: The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Newell was christened last week. Miss Fay Compton, who played in the pantomime, *Dick Whittington*, with Mr. Newell, is seen holding the baby

TENNIS STAR'S DAUGHTER CHRISTENED: Patricia Joan, the infant daughter of Captain and Mrs. T. Lakeman, was christened at St. John's Church, Woking, Surrey, last week. Mrs. Lakeman was formerly Miss Joan Fry, the tennis star, who, while an active player, achieved distinction as the runner-up in the Women's Championship at Wimbledon

FROM NEW YORK: Mr. Gilbert Kahn, son of Mr. Otto H. Kahn the American banker, with his bride, Miss Jane Heliker, a beautiful Broadway dancer from Indianapolis, whom he married recently. Mr. Kahn now holds a position in his father's banking organization

BRISTOL'S NEW BISHOP: The Rev. Clifford Salisbury Woodward, M.C., Canon of Westminster and Chaplain to the King since 1919, who has been appointed Bishop of Bristol in succession to Dr. Nickson, who has had to resign as the result of ill health

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

THE MASTERPIECE: A Continental type two-seater sports body by Hooper mounted on a Phantom II Rolls-Royce chassis, the property of Miss Sunny Jarman, the well-known American actress. The car is painted black and red and upholstered in red leather

MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND RACING.—Now that a new motor racing season is about to commence it is interesting to consider the position of motor racing to motoring in general. There is quite a large and important following of people either engaged in, or closely connected with, the motor trade who are apt to scoff at the sporting side. When motorists gather together they may frequently be heard to state that the great majority of the manufacturers are totally opposed to motor competition or racing. In many instances such statements are inaccurate, though I must say that at times it is very difficult to discover the exact opinion of leading manufacturers towards the sport in general. Until quite recently I was myself convinced that Sir William Morris looked upon all speed work as detrimental to the progress of the trade, and to his own firm in particular, and this judgment was built up from various speeches he had made in the past. To-day I find that Sir William does not hold such views and so I am glad to be able to number him amongst our supporters. The position, however, requires to be stated clearly. He does not approve of his own firm spending money directly on racing but he is apparently quite in favour of selling cars to private individuals who care to race them. Being such a successful man we must give him credit for his opinions, but on the other hand there are other important concerns that take a leading part in motor racing from the factory side.

Lovers of the sport are, however, greatly relieved to know that Sir William Morris does not frown on it and in fact encourages us. Sir Herbert Austin is, of course, an enthusiast on the subject, so that motor racing need not be ashamed of itself as if it were a sport which had no influential backing.

Then again we must remember that that august body, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, about whom we have read so much lately, has put up for competition for the past few years a trophy of their own to be competed for at the long distance Junior Car Club Annual Race. All of us would like to see the Society take even a greater interest in the sport, but we are very grateful, nevertheless, for what they have done.

RACING AS A TEST.—Those who don't study the question very carefully are apt to run away with the idea that motor racing and competitions in general are quite useless from the trade point of view. Sometimes those a little enlightened will say that Brooklands is quite a useful place, and that any manufacturer can find out all he wants to know about his present or experimental cars by running them round the track until something happens. True, Brooklands and other similiar places are quite useful as testing grounds in such conditions, but those in the motor factories are no less human than ourselves and the urge which is created by entering into a competitive test makes for better and cleverer design and workmanship than if the test were carried out in, as it were, cold blood. When a manufacturer races a car and knows that other concerns are making similar cars to compete against him then everyone in the factory gives of his best.

I could mention more than one firm whose present high reputation has had its success started solely by a win in a classic event. Someone is sure to say that for every one I could mention who have made good through racing three or four firms could be enumerated that have gone out of business through participation in this sport. First of all, I would query the number and secondly, I would point out that they were bound to fade away whether they raced or not.

TYPIFYING SPEED: Both grace and speed are admirably exemplified in the greyhounds and in this 1933 Rover Ten Special Saloon fitted with controlled free-wheeling and clutchless gear change

THE EFFECTS OF HIGH SPEED ON DESIGN.—The general motoring public have to thank motor racing for quite a lot of the comfort and reliability of their cars, and I do not overstate the case when I claim that the present average design is at least ten years in advance of what it would have been had there never been any motor racing. Take for example our present "baby" class of motor cars. Right from the very beginning when there was only one make on the market it was raced with great success. True it started with a really excellent design which has not been greatly changed, but whatever changes have been made many of them are due to the experience gained in strenuous speed competitions. Front wheel brakes are another item to the credit of motor racing. I know they were introduced first of all on a touring car, but they were never taken up wholeheartedly until racing-drivers almost refused to compete in a road race unless they were fitted to their mounts. Since then the experience under the strenuous conditions have perfected them, and to-day, they are, of course, a standard fitting on every motor-car.

A HUMBER IN HOLLAND: A scene in the picturesque village of Volendam. It is gratifying to learn that these cars are making steady headway in Continental markets, as well as elsewhere throughout the world

THE ORIGINAL: The scene chosen for the competition was the Piazza di San Firenze, Florence, drawn by Mr. Percy Home

OUR CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

Entries From All Parts of the World

THE PROBLEM which we set our readers

Such has been the success of our annual pictorial competition, and so numerous have been the replies, that it is not until now that we have been able to announce the result. Entries have come to us from Peiping, Tokio, Canada, the U.S.A., Ceylon, Southern India, Italy, Lithuania, Palestine, Chile, French Malay States, Gibraltar, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, France, Holland, Germany, and Finland. The sorting of these entries has naturally taken time, but we are now able to announce that the first prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. Mabel Kincaid-Pitcairn of 80, Finnart Street, Greenock, Scotland; the second prize of £3 to Miss Dorothy Nevile Lees of 1, Borgo San Jacopo, Florence, Italy; and the third prize of £2 to Miss Ethel M. Mullen of Westfield, Hertford, Herts.

The scene which entrants were asked to piece together was the picturesque Piazza di San Firenze in Florence. On the left of the picture is the Palazzo Gondi, built by Giulano da Sangallo in 1490, while on the extreme right is the Church of San Firenze. The massive dome on the left is the cupola of the Duomo, while next to it is the Badia, a church founded in the tenth century. The somewhat severe tower on the right adorns the famous Bargello, a thirteenth century building housing the Museo Nazionale and contains the finest existing collection of Tuscan sculpture. In piecing together these fine old buildings a number of competitors succeeded in making an almost perfect picture. It was, therefore, only after careful scrutiny that the prize could be awarded, the entry determining the correct elevations of the buildings in relation to each other deservedly receiving the first prize. A cheque is being sent to each of the winning entrants.

MRS. KINCAID-PITCAIRN'S PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY

THE SECOND PRIZE: Miss Dorothy Nevile Lees, of Florence, reconstructs a familiar scene in her own city

NUMBERLESS POSSIBILITIES: This competitor produced an attractive variation on actuality. One of the many ingenious efforts received

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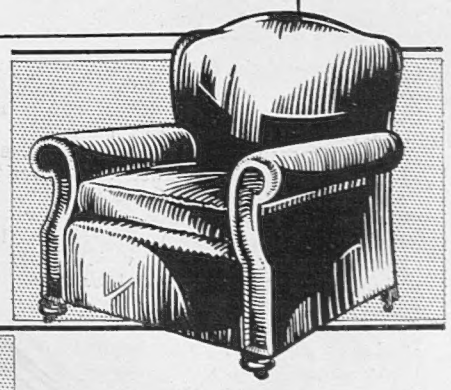

Club Easy Chair upholsrered in real hide, fitted with loose cushion in brown velveteen.
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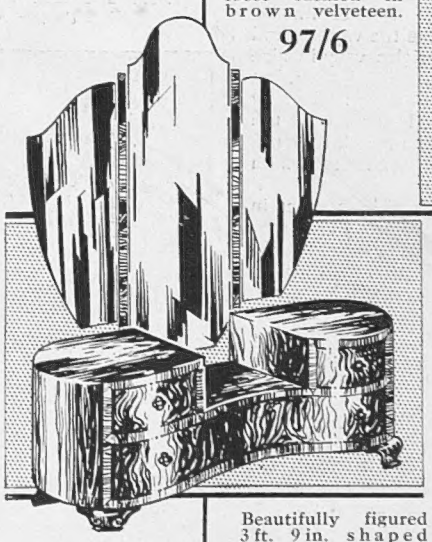

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FIGHTING FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE: A police constable issues a permit to a farmer allowing him to move his cows across the road during an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Gloucestershire

WHAT is Foot-and-Mouth Disease?

The Farmers' Scourge Explained

From time to time we have published in the pages of THE SPHERE *illustrations depicting the ravages caused among stock by the dreaded scourge of foot-and-mouth disease. Now in the following article Mr. F. G. Bailey outlines the cause and the symptoms of the disease and discusses the methods best suited to checking the spread of infection.*

Foot-and-mouth disease is caused by a virus that is so small that even with the aid of the highest powers of the microscope it is impossible to see it, and it can pass through the minute pores of bacterial filters. Animals subject to the disease are cattle, sheep, pigs, goats and, to a lesser degree, hedgehogs and rats, which are susceptible to natural infection. Even human beings have been known to contract this dreaded disease, although such cases are rare.

The first and important noticeable symptoms are the sudden appearance of lameness, slavering at the mouth, or even both. In most animals, especially when present in more than one species, such as cattle and pigs or sheep, lameness should arouse the gravest suspicion. Slavering in a number of animals or even in a single one should always be looked upon as a danger signal and should result in an immediate examination of the mouth. In affected cattle slavering is very frequently accompanied by a smacking or sucking sound, which is a characteristic symptom of the disease. It is not, however, nearly so noticeable in pigs and sheep as in cattle, and it is usually sudden lameness that first attracts attention in these cases. Lameness might easily escape the notice of a casual observer, as the animals concerned are so footsore that they remain lying down. In the case of affected cattle, however, when moving they frequently shake their feet as if endeavouring to remove something from the hoof. Sheep will usually rise and move away when approached unless their feet are too tender.

The lesions of the disease consist of blisters which appear on the tongue, the inside of the lips, and the pad. On the feet they are generally to be found around the coronet, at the junction of the skin with the hoof. Less commonly they may be seen around the muzzle, inside the vagina, and in pigs on the skin of the body. The vesicles vary in size and shape; quite commonly they are an inch in length, but they can be much smaller. They are easily broken by handling. When broken a clear liquid flows out, the mucous membrane over the vesicle looks ragged, and the under-surface has a very red or raw appearance which afterwards becomes yellow.

Infection is spread from animal to animal by contact in stables or pastures; by the hands of milkers or the hands, boots, or clothes of other attendants. It may be carried a considerable distance on foodstuffs or disseminated through a contaminated water supply. When an animal is salivating, the threads of saliva and straw contaminated thereby may be blown a considerable distance by the wind, and thus reach other animals or a watercourse from which they drink. The roads along which affected animals have passed, and the wagons in which they have travelled may remain infected for a time. Rats, fowls, birds, cats, horses, and dogs may act as carriers of infection. The spread of infection from place to place is most insidious: for instance, the clothes of a person who has been in contact with an animal suffering from the disease may make the clothes of another person infective by contact.

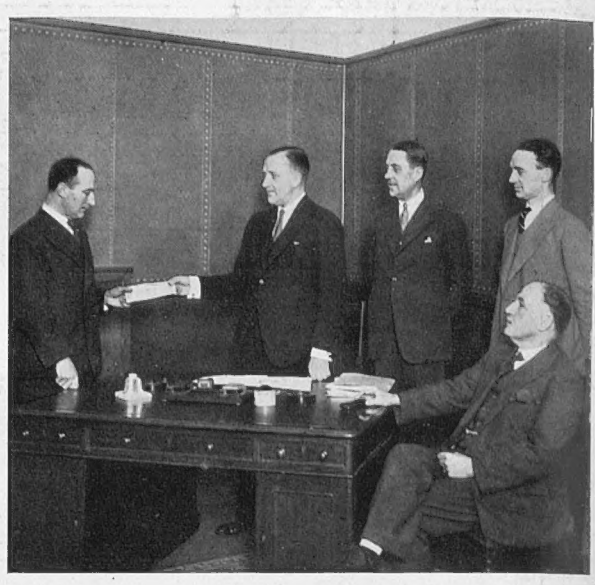
When the disease breaks out on any premises it is the duty of the owner promptly to take all reasonable precautions to prevent the affected or suspected animals, and those in immediate association with them, from coming into contact with those of his neighbours. Affected stock should be kept away from public roads, from any water supply that reaches other farms and boundary fences immediately beyond which other stock are pastured. The attendants should be warned not to go amongst other cattle, sheep, goats, etc., and everybody who is obliged to leave the premises should disinfect their boots before leaving, otherwise they may carry infective material on to the roads.

F. G. Bailey

THE WATERLOO CUP: Mr. J. L. Jarvis's Genial Nobleman (right), winner of the Waterloo Cup at Altcar, Liverpool, and the runner-up, the Earl of Sefton's Sold Again, seen before the final course

FEEDING THE MOTHERLESS: A delightful snapshot from a Sussex farm, always a familiar spectacle during a frosty lambing season

WINNER AND RUNNER-UP: Gregalach, this year's Grand National top weight, and a previous winner of the race, enjoys a friendly chat with Dinah, a rough-haired terrier, at Mr. Percy Woodland's stables, Cholderton



MR. BERNARD FRANSELLA, winner of the Imperial Tobacco Company's Football Competition, is seen receiving his cheque for £5,000 from Mr. Davidson, manager of Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills' London branch

A New State in the Making

(Continued from p. 217)

over Manchuria. The guard who peered at us through the bars of the gate was easily persuaded to admit us and we walked into what must once have been a delightful pleasure park. The drive swept round a deserted tennis court and opened out on to a sandy space before the front door. There was no one about, so we walked in. Empty houses have a sad atmosphere about them, but there was something more than sadness in the deserted rooms of the Marshal's villa, a feeling of tragedy and hidden drama in these walls from which most of the paper had been stripped, a kind of piteous shame in the dismantled bathrooms and the broken mantelpieces. It was quite easy to reconstitute the dining-room and drawing-room, the study and kitchen.

What secrets did these dilapidated rooms hold—what scenes of revelry had they witnessed?

Somehow that deserted villa, with its electric defences, gave me one of those vivid impressions which it is not possible to formulate in words, but revealed some things which neither pamphlets nor speeches can convey—Manchuria of the past, and the same afternoon a glimpse of the future—the main street of Mukden cleared of traffic, the car of the British Consul held up, pedestrians hustled on to the pavement to allow a Japanese general and his staff to be driven from the railway station to the Japanese Consulate. It might have been the Tsar of Russia in Moscow before the war, while again another contrast inside the Foreign Club, the British and Americans with a few other nationals leading a life aloof from the political doings outside, grumbling because the bandits interfered with their going to the golf club, hopeful for better business after the New Year, allowing nothing to upset the equanimity of their lives. The ambitions of the Japanese, the aspirations of the Manchukuans, the intrigues of the Chinese are their own business, and, provided they do not interfere with life at the club, why bother about other people's affairs?

It has been decreed that Manchukuo shall become independent. She has at the head of her Government one of her own people, hereditary descendant of the Ching Emperors, her ministers all belong to her country, and if the Japanese are helping to put things straight, why interfere? Interference will help no one, for as I shall explain in a subsequent article the Japanese have committed themselves too far to retreat even if they wished to.

After all, what France has done in Morocco has produced excellent results. The situation when she started work was much the same as in Manchuria—bandits, extortionate taxes, corrupt rulers; but there was no one to interfere in North Africa, so the country has been developed under French protection and now runs itself.

Manchukuo is bandit ridden and paralysed, but a feeling of greater security is growing daily, a conviction in the minds of those who think that a stable Government exists which is there to help the people, which is not the case in any of the many districts of China which I have visited.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Four boys from one of the Society's Homes have passed the Oxford Local Examination. One boy passed with distinction in mathematics. This was the only "distinction" gained for this subject in the country. The Society's great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women is in urgent need of funds. Will readers of THE SPHERE please help by sending a donation to-day to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
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Fowey	Fowey Hotel
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Glasgow	Central Hotel
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Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
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Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
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Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Porthcawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
St. Neots	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Do.	Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som.	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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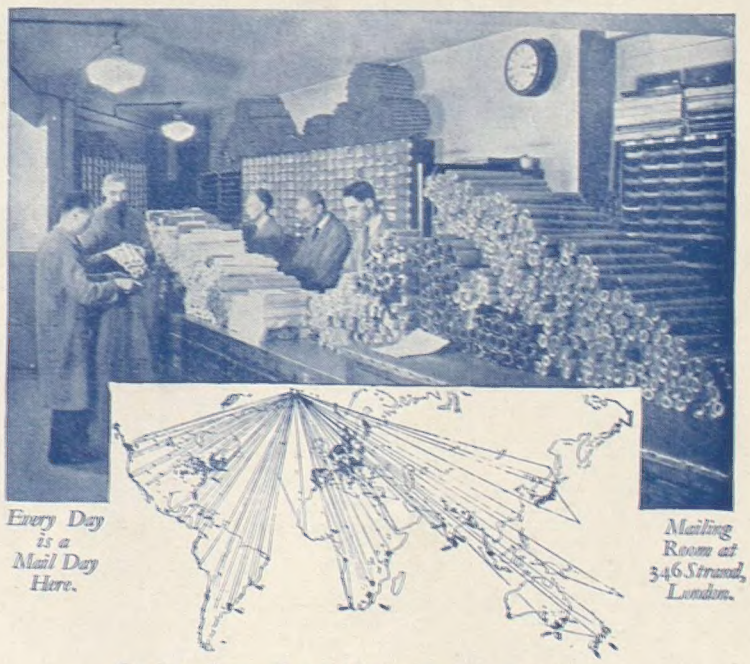

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